THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CLAREMONT.

TO WARRIE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Overlooking town and village,
And the seaward sloping sands,
In the midst of breezy woodlands
The Old Hall of Claremont stands.

Dark its gables are, and antique,
And its roofs are over-grown
With the gray and golden mosses,
Clinging to the mother-stone.

There about its woody quiet,
Flows the city's hollow roar,
Only as the ocean murmur
Throbs along a summer-shore—

Only as the muffled mutter
Of that distant, flashing tide,
When the storm comes thundering inland,
And the ships at anchor ride!

Ah! the mornings from its casements
I have watched the crimson light
Hurl its fiery lances westward
In the footsteps of the night.

Ah! the eves I've watched the shadows
Lengthen down the silent park,
When the drowsy winds were moaning
In the twilight's purple dark.

Or at night through smoke and vapor,
On the harbor's sandy bars,
Saw the light house signals gleaming
Like a shoal of stranded stars—

While from out the dreary distance
Whirled the snow-storm fierce and white,
Whose wild squadrons drifting seaward,
Strewed with shadowy wrecks the night!

Ah! the pleasant days at Claremont,
When the sunshine's sudden glow
Flashed along the winding railway,
And across the fields of snow;

Where the red-cheeked children frolicked
And the painted sledges flew,
Till the sunset's sullen splendor
Fired the ocean's frozen blue.

Ah! the pleasant nights at Claremont—
Never shall my heart forget!
There's a young lip's dewy crimson
Haunts my dreaming spirit yet!

And a voice whose rhythm thrills me
With a never-dying joy,
Though his paly ringlets shadow
The white forehead of a boy.

Home of beauty! when the summers
Hang their roses on thy wall—
When through all thy rustling woodlands
Wild the garrulous blue-birds call—

Or when winter's wandering negus
Chant their skoals in storm and blast,
Drop, oh, drop thy golden quiet
'Twixt *him* and the mournful past!

Well, ah, well! for hope departed
Pride shall weep no fruitless tears,
Though before us lies the desert
Of the barren, barren years!

Though the night has swept between us,
And the future's wildering gleam—
Angel of the present! save me
From the fever of that dream!

Claremont, through thy chambers olden,
With a solemn tread and slow,
Scattering only thornless roses,
May the sweet years come and go.

And, as their departing footsteps
On the oaken threshold fall,
Time, in poems rare and splendid,
Write their legends on the wall.

Often in the long hereafter
I in spirit shall be there—
(*He* will see no waving garment,
Hear no footstep by his chair;

But my lips shall touch his forehead
With their olden, thrilling spell—
Though he deem the peace that follows
From the wings of angels fell!)

While the perfumed lights are burning
With a soft and golden glow—
And the stealthy, cowering shadows
Crouch in corners dim and low;

While the firelight's crimson banner
Wavers on the oaken wall,—
And the storm's voluminous thunders
Shake the antique gabled Hall!

Will *he* see the steady smiling
That shall meet him at the door?—
Will he guess the soundless footsteps,
Treading with him on the floor?

And if I, a shadowy phantom,
Wore this dead rose in my hair,
And this ring upon my finger,
Would he clasp and kiss me there!

All the Difference.—*Young Gent* (who has trodden upon lady's toes in getting out of the omnibus.)—I beg your pardon, madam, I could not help it, I assure you.

Young Lady (in the blandest manner possible.)—Oh, don't make any apology, sir, *I* beg; it was my fault entirely!

Same Young Lady (whose dress has been stepped upon by the young Miss about to alight.)—I wish that *some* people would keep their ugly eyes open, and be more careful when they are passing other people!

(*Arranges her dress in a huff.*)—*N. Y. Picayune.*

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER III.

THE RED-COATS COMING.

It was on Thursday, the 29th of August, 1777, that Squire Chandler and Roney Baldwin took their departure from the former's house, on their reconnoitering expedition, as we have already told. They were both well mounted; Roney on his roan gelding, "Freckles," as he was named from his mottled hide, and the squire on a powerful black horse, whose square, sturdy strength, not unlike his own, contrasted well with the slender, greyhound look of his companion's steed. But Freckles was much like his master: spare and slender, not lean, but with no superfluous flesh and not a pound of fat about him, and the sinews of both were like steel wire.

It was a lovely morning; the sky was cloudless, but there was a haziness far up in the air which softened while it did not dim the sun's light; the grass in the meadows was still sparkling with the dew, and the dust in the road was heavy with it though not wet, breaking into small flakes under the horses' feet, as they trotted quietly along: the air was just cool enough to be bracing at that early hour, and its invigorating influence was visible in the elastic step of the horses, and the springy carriage and alert look of the riders. As they proceeded, occasionally a rabbit would hop out from the fence corner into the road a little in advance, and squat down right in the track, always with his back to the riders, and with his long ears laid down upon his neck, looking backwards out of both his great round eyes at once; balancing as it were on his tail, his hind legs folded under him, with a curious something about him that might suggest the idea that the feet were patting the ground impatiently, in readiness for a spring. As the horsemen drew near, he would hop leisurely away, with a deliberation that greatly belied his look of restrained activity while sitting, and conceal himself in the cornfield on the other side of the road. From the top of the high stake in the wormfence, the flicker would watch them till they got as near as he thought prudent, and then pitch himself off and make, with long swinging flight, to the nearest tree; the lark would flutter from the fence and rail across the road to her nest in the meadow; and the partridge would dart whirring from the buckwheat patch; as they passed through woods the ground-squirrel—better known to boys as the "groun' hackey"—would whisk his striped back zigzagging along the lower rails of the worm-fence which skirted the road, and diving head-foremost into his hole with a shrill "cheep;" and the large, graceful gray-squirrel, and the vicious, spiteful little "chickaree" or red squirrel, would swarm up the trees and chatter and bark vixenishly from the limbs that overhung the road; the next moment, they would be darting among the branches, the gray, chattering this time with fright, and scampering for dear life, hotly pursued by his little red tormentor.

The country through which they were travelling was extremely beautiful. The recent heavy rains had freshened the vegetation, and the whole landscape was of that deep, rich green which the trees and forests show in the early autumn, before they begin to assume the gorgeous dress of October. The land was well cleared of woods, though enough were left to give richness and depth to the picture; the rest was all under high cultivation, and yielded generously for the labor bestowed upon it. The surface was gently rolling, devoid of any great elevations, but entirely free from the tameness of a level country; and the eye wandered in every direction over a succession of gracefully rounded billows of land, crested with orchards and cornfields, the white buckwheat fields sprinkled among them like foam; and studded with farm-houses, perched upon their tops or clinging to their sides, or nestled in their hollow laps. From the chimneys the bluish white smoke was rising perpendicularly, in thin vapory columns through the still air, and then stretching out in long horizontal streaks, which hung lazily across the distant woods. Many of the farmers had begun their fall ploughing, and their calls to the horses and oxen, mellowed by distance, came musically across the fields, mingled with the hollow, booming tones of the cow-bells as the cows were driven home to the milking. As the squire and his young companion proceeded on their way, they were frequently accosted by acquaintances, either in the road or in the fields alongside, where they were working, asking news from the army.

There were very few, within ten or fifteen miles of Squire Chandler's home, who did not know him; and he was looked up to, as I have said before, as one whose word could be relied on, and whose judgment was worth having. The reconnoitering expedition from which he had returned the night before, was generally known, and every one was full of anxiety to hear the news.

He answered their questions without stopping his horse, but talked as his interrogators walked beside him, giving clear and explicit information as to what he *had* seen and heard, and very unsatisfactory information as to what he *expected* to see and hear, and where he was going, especially to some whose known loyal sentiments might have made them dangerous confidants.

It is not to be denied that many of the inhabitants of Chester county, were either exceedingly lukewarm towards the cause in which Squire Chandler and Roney Baldwin were so much interested, or were utterly opposed to it. They had not been conscious of any suffering from the oppressions which had provoked the outbreak in the Colonies, while they were made to feel directly and most unmistakably, the deprivations and sufferings which the outbreak produced. Besides this, not only was the idea of rising at all against constituted authority abhorrent to their principles and feelings, but being for the most part sincere in their peaceful professions, they saw nothing except to condemn in the appeal to arms which had been made.

As a general thing, these stood neutral.

Many who were sincere and genuine lovers of their country, took the side of the ruling government, (though they were by no means insensible to the causes of complaint which existed against it,) because they saw in these causes no justification for what they considered a rebellious attempt to shake off lawful authority; feeling much as you and I, good, law-regarding, conservative citizens, would feel, should any of the States in this confederacy attempt to separate themselves from its authority because Congress had passed laws which they considered contrary to the Constitution—that is to say, as if such rebellion should be put down at all hazards.

I am greatly mistaken if some of the loudest denouncers of the Revolutionary Loyalists, at this day, would not have been found among them, had they lived in the trying times of which I am writing.

Liberty is sometimes a dangerous rallying cry. Let it be borne in mind that while on American lips, the result has shown that it meant a deliverance from foreign thraldom, to be rendered permanent by a God-fearing and God-obeying self-government, the same cry, only a few years later, and taking its rise directly from our example, meant, on French lips, a God-defying anarchy, reeking with wholesale murder and rapine, and all the foul and devilish abominations which gave name to the "Reign of Terror."

Out of American liberty grew Marat, and Danton, and Robespierre!

While we regret the mistake of the American Loyalists, let us do justice to their honest and conscientious motives, and let their subsequent suffering and the obloquy which long followed their names, lead us to deal tenderly with their memory.

As the two travellers passed beyond their own immediate neighborhood, the interruptions became fewer, and they quickened their pace to a sharp trot, halting at Darlington's corner to water their horses, and then pushing rapidly on past Osborn's Hill, and within sight of the old meeting house, with little thought how soon they were to see them again with a battle raging around them.

Turning to the left, just before reaching the Brandywine, they proceeded along a road long since disused, until they struck the stream where it made a sharp bend to the eastward, crossed it at Brinton's Ford, and made their way to Kennett Square, then a very inconsiderable village.

On their arrival they heard news which made it unnecessary to go any farther.

The tavern porch, and the open space between it and the road, were thronged with eager men, discussing the news they had just heard, and the store across the road was full of busy inquirers. Dismounting from their horses and tying them in the tavern shed, the Squire and Roney pressed through the crowd, here and there greeting an acquaintance, and made their way into the store.

In those days, as well as now, the "store" was the focus of news for the whole country side; all information first made its way there, to be retailed, together with his goods, by the storekeeper. It was a sort of Exchange and general news office for the village and its vicinity, at which particularly during this anxious time, there was held every morning a tolerably full meeting of the mechanics and farmers who were within reach.

A country store presents, in a small way, as probably my readers generally know, a complete epitome of trade, commerce and manufactures: and the articles of sale which in cities are distributed among a number of different establishments, are here all contained within the one building. One counter of this particular store was littered with dry goods, waiting to be folded and replaced when nothing better was on hand to be done; the other, on the opposite side of the room, was comparatively clear, having nothing but a few paper bags of groceries tied up, awaiting their owners, and showing, here and there, a small sealed package labelled "cut tobacco," which I am very much afraid contained tea, a contraband article at that period. Behind the latter counter stood the storekeeper, and behind that of the dry goods stood Abe Spicer, the salesman, clerk, light porter, and manager in general of the establishment.

Abe was a dapper youth of some five feet six inches in height, confessing to twenty-five years of age; a confession to which he had steadily adhered, in spite of all efforts to shake his constancy, for the five years he had been in the village.

He had an exalted idea of his personal attractions, which consisted of a rather sturdy figure surmounted with a round head with very few phrenological developments, and supported by a pair of short, muscular legs, with plump, swelling calves, which, when set off with his new buckskin small-clothes, tight as the skin, silk stockings and short quartered shoes, ornamented with large silver buckles, and a line of white kid extending between the sole and upper leather, were, in spite of a decided tendency to convexity, objects of his most especial admiration.

His face was good enough, though his nose had rather too much of a "pug" in its character to make an entirely symmetrical outline. He had an abundance of yellow hair, which was always smartly brushed back and tied behind into a queue, to which, on Saturday evenings, which were devoted to "sparking," he added a large bow of ribbon.

On the present occasion he had it confined by the ordinary roll of eelskin, and was busy with his coat off, waiting on the customers, and dispensing the news to the later comers.

He knew the squire and his companion, and greeted them—the squire cordially, and Roney with an excessive politeness, a kind of freezing dignified suavity on which he prided himself greatly, but which sat rather funnily on his squat little figure and round, jolly face. The cause of the difference was this: Roney was his rival, and so far as he could read appearances, a successful one, in a matter of which I shall have more to say hereafter.

I am sorry to say that Roney was not at all cast down or overawed by Abe's dignified manner, but accosted him with the most impertinent familiarity:—

"Hello, Abe; what's the news? Anything from below? They're all talking at once over at the tavern, and I can't make out what it is. Somebody said something about prisoners."

"There was a scrimmage yesterday," said Abe, addressing himself to the Squire, "and the man that brought the news said there was thirty or forty prisoners took by the Americans, besides about twenty deserters that come in."

"Who was it brought the news?" said the Squire, "anybody from the army?"

"No," answered Abe, "he was a farmer; leastways, he was dressed like one, and said he was going on as far as the Turk's Head, to rouse the country; the British had marched as far as Gray's Hill—you know where that is?"

"Yes," said the Squire, briefly.

"Well, there was where the scrimmaging was; I don't know any more about it, for he was in a desp'rate hurry, and wouldn't stop long enough to tell who took the prisoners, or how they did it."

"So, they are in motion," said the Squire, musingly, "and the country must be all up between here and Elk. You say the man that brought the news was going on to the Turk's Head; do you know what road he meant to take?"

"He said he was going across the country to Wistar's Ford, and then up the other side along the creek road as far as Jefferis's Ford, and from there to the Turk."

"Which way was he coming back?"

"Down the Wilmington road through Dilworth, and back here by Chad's Ford."

"That'll do," said the Squire; "Roney, the best thing we can do is to get our horses fed and a bite for ourselves, and go back with the news. You had better take the lower road, and I'll go back by the Corner. Abe, did you see any wagons go up since the day before yesterday? I know a good many people about Elk sent their grain off and all the goods they could pack in a hurry."

"Yes," answered Abe, "there was right smart of teams went along yesterday and the day before. Some were from Wilmington, and said they were going up somewhere about the forks of Brandywine. There was one four-horse team loaded with nothing but casks of liquor—"

Here Abe was interrupted by a commotion outside which emptied the store in a moment. A horseman had dashed into the tavern yard at full speed, his horse panting and reeking with sweat. Leaping from him, and throwing the reins to the nearest man, he elbowed his way through the crowd, regardless of their eager questions, until he reached the porch.

"First and foremost somebody give me a glass of whiskey," said he, "my throat's full of dust, and as dry as a corn-cob."

A tumbler half full of the fiery liquid was handed to him, which he poured down his throat like water, and then mounted on the porch rail above the heads of the crowd.

"What is it? What's the news, Jem?" shouted a dozen voices, and a din of questions arose, every man asking, and none waiting for an answer.

Jem waited in silence for the hubbub to subside, which it soon did when it became evident that he did not mean to talk while anybody else was talking, and then he spoke:

"Boys, all you that don't want to take British protections had better pack up your duds and get out of the way; the red-coats are on the road, and will march right over here; the country below is full of 'em, and they are plundering right and left. They've got, I don't know how many thousand bushels of corn and oats, for we couldn't find teams to send 'em away in, and they've stripped all the orchards they passed, and robbed all the hen-roosts, and skeared the women folks into fits. All the horses and cattle that didn't go with the teams are carried to the army, and when there's nothing left to steal, Lord Howe says, 'private property shall be respected, and strict discipline maintained;' much obliged to him.—Tommy Case had a taste of the discipline this morning, when a dozen Hessians invited themselves to breakfast, and made his wife and daughter wait on 'em; afterwards they gathered up all the pies and bread just out of the oven and stuffed them into their knapsacks, and then stove the bottom out of the churn that was just filled, and made off."

"Did they get away?" inquired one of his hearers.

"No; they didn't," said Jem, "good reason why, Dick Chandler was about there, looking out for stragglers, and nothing gets away from Dick if he once sets eyes on it. There was only five of 'em to a dozen Hessians, but they were mounted, and they came out from behind the barn and at 'em with a whoop, just as they turned into the Orchard lane. 'Ter tuyfel! dere's de rebels!' and then it would ha' done you good to see how they skooted for the barn with Dick an' his fellows after 'em hot foot. They had their muskets, but they never thought of using 'em; before they got to the barn the boys had gone right through the rascals, cutting down three of 'em as they went, and two of 'em had jumped the fence into the orchard, wheeled their horses and headed 'em off. Dick and the other two were close behind 'em, and there they had 'em in a heap covered with their pistols. They dropped their guns, bawled for quarter in high Dutch, and Dick trotted 'em off to the lines in sight of a whole regiment of Cornwallis's men."

"Well done, Dick," shouted Roney.

"Hello! Baldwin, is that you?" said Jem, "didn't see you before; now you've got a feather to carry home to his dad; tell the old man—"

"Tell him yourself," said Roney; "here he is," pointing to the squire, who had been eagerly listening, too delighted to speak.

"Is that Squire Chandler?" said Jem, "glad to see you, sir. Dick thought you would be somewhere on the road, and wanted me to get word to you not to come down, but to go back and put up the country. The army will march for certain within two or three days, and judging by the taste we have had, they'll plunder everything before 'em."

"You left Richard well?" said the squire.

"Hearty as a buck, and doing all the mischief he can. Captain Lee thanked him publicly for his bravery; and, by the way, I forgot, Lee took twenty-four prisoners this morning; beat up their quarters an hour before sunrise, and had the whole division in motion after him, but he got off in spite of 'em."

"Did you pass near any of the outposts?" asked Roney, "I see something that looks deuced like a bullet hole in your hat."

"I did that! 'Gad, they fired at me running, half-a-dozen of 'em; and one of 'em gave me a scratch on the shoulder; look here;" turning up with his finger the edge of a rent made in the cloth by the bullet; "I didn't know there was a hole in my old beaver; that's two; I wonder if there's any more," said he, twisting himself about on his narrow perch to examine his clothes.

"All right, Jem," said one of the men behind him, "there's only one job for the tailor."

"Glad of it," said he, "I hain't got no money for tailors' bills; and now, boys, I've made my speech, let's have three cheers for General Washington, and three more for plucky Dick Chandler, and then something to eat, for I'm hungry, and something to drink, for I've blowed my whistle dry;" and Jem Gilmer jumped down from his perch, and, together with the squire and Roney, made his way amid the vociferous hurrahing of the crowd into the tavern, where a plentiful meal was soon set before them.

The three men sat down to it with appetites sharpened by their early ride, and, for them, long abstinence, for it was nearly late enough for a fashionable city dinner.

It was soon despatched, and they mounted their horses, Jem taking the direct route to the Wilmington road by the way of Chad's Ford, intending to return home through Wilmington, and the squire and Roney proceeding together as far as Brinton's Ford, and there separating, Roney taking the lower road as had been suggested, and the squire returning by the way they had come.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

From the time the British landed at Turkey Point, they had been slowly but steadily moving northward, while the Americans under Washington had been keeping pace with them, and watching every movement, harrassing them as much as possible by desultory attacks. On the morning of the 11th of September, the former left the neighborhood of Kennett Square, where they had encamped the night before, the column under Knyphausen, about five thousand strong, moving straight towards Chad's Ford, on the east bank of which the Americans had been encamped since the evening of the ninth.

Scouting parties had been sent out along the road, by Washington, the foremost of which had been surprised while drinking at the bar of Welsh's tavern about three miles from Kennett, and had made their escape to the woods in the rear, leaving their horses in possession of the advanced guard of the enemy. The column of the latter soon became engaged with the division under General Maxwell, which was posted on both sides of the road, occupying the most advantageous positions for a mile west of the Brandywine. Maxwell was gradually driven back by superior force, and was finally compelled to cross the creek; and Knyphausen, securing the height on the west bank, immediately opened a heavy cannonade, and made every demonstration of an intention to cross the ford. There was some sharp fighting with detachments of the Americans, who crossed over and attacked them while they were endeavoring to throw up intrenchments, but without any decisive result.

In the meantime, Washington was in a state of painful uncertainty. The forces with which he was engaged were evidently only a detachment. Where was the main body? He had given orders to General Sullivan to guard all the fords as high as Buffington's, just above the forks of the stream, and as yet he had received no intelligence from him.

While he was in this trying suspense, an officer galloped up—"A note from Colonel Bland, your Excellency" said he, dismounting and advancing towards the Commander.

"Where is Colonel Bland reconnoitering?" said Washington, as he opened the note.

"On the west bank of the creek, along the Street road," was the answer.

"He says he has seen two brigades advancing along the Valley road," said the General, "did you see them?"

"I did, your Excellency; they were marching towards a ford on the west branch of the creek called Trimble's. It is the first one they strike above the main stream."

"How far from the creek is the road where you saw them?" inquired Washington.

"Some three or four miles; they were moving in quick time, and the dust rose a long way in their rear."

At this moment another orderly came up at speed, and handed to Washington a note from Colonel Ross, who was in the rear of the enemy, giving substantially the same information, adding that the force could not be less than five thousand strong.

This confirmation of Colonel Bland's report, as well as his own suspicions, determined the General.

"Ride to General Greene," said he, "and tell him to cross at once, above the ford, and attack Knyphausen; tell him further, that the main body will cross at the ford, immediately, and also engage the enemy."

Before the orderly could start with his message, intelligence came from General Sullivan, that, as high up as the forks, there was no appearance of the enemy, and that Cornwallis was retracing his steps down to the west bank to join Knyphausen at the ford.

This threw into confusion Washington's plan, which was to cross the river in force, attack and rout Knyphausen, (which could easily have been done before help could have reached him) and then prepare to meet the main division where they were, or to recross and attack them as they were coming down the east bank. The dispatch to General Greene was countermanded, and for some time Washington stood absolutely at a loss what to do. Here was the fatal mistake; for this delay lost the battle. The fighting at Chad's Ford was still going on, and Knyphausen was plying his batteries briskly, and making vehement demonstrations of crossing, but always giving way before he had effected it, and so keeping the attention of the Americans upon himself.

While these contradictory reports were distracting the American commander, the main body of the British had actually advanced along the Great Valley road, as reported by Colonel Bland, had crossed the west branch of the creek at Trimble's Ford, and reached the old house which stands on the hill on the west bank at Jefferis's Ford.

Here they halted to refresh their men and horses, and to ransack the house, which they did effectually. They found a large booty, for the Wilmington merchants, supposing that this house would be entirely out of the line of march, had deposited a large amount of valuable goods in it, and had filled the cellars with casks of liquor, the same which Abe Spicer had seen passing up; these were promptly rolled out and successively tried, until the best were tapped for the officers, and the remainder turned loose to the men. The latter broached the casks in a summary way, by "up-ending" them, and then knocking in the head. As all had full play at the liquor, it was not long before they began to be uproarious; but the trumpets now sounded "boot and saddle"—canteens were hastily filled, the men mounted and fell into the ranks, the officers took their places, and the army was on its march again, crossing the ford and winding along the road, with no sound but the tramp, tramp of the infantry, and the clatter and jingle of the cavalry. They had proceeded in this way about two miles down the Birmingham Road, and the advanced guard had just mounted to the brow of Osborne's Hill, when the sharp, quick challenge, "Who goes there? Halt! Come in or we'll fire on you," was followed by a scattering fire of musketry, and then the rapid patter of hoofs flying down the road, with mounted troopers in chase.

Cornwallis, who was in the rear, rode hastily forward, and seeing what had happened, despatched half a dozen more of the best mounted men, with orders to bring in the fugitive, dead or alive. They put spurs to their horses and dashed off at full speed, soon coming up with the first pursuers, only to see a bay mare flying along with a bare-headed rider on her back, out of reach, and at a rate which made any attempt at pursuit hopeless.

"No use in chasing that fellow," said the

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

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Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who *write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,880.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

A STARTLING PICTURE.

An official committee in New York, recently presented a statistical account of the health, or rather want of health, of that city, which is not only alarming in itself, but which denotes still more serious consequences in the future. In the first place, a general table of the comparative health of different places is given, as follows:—

In London, in 1857, one person died in every					45
In Philadelphia,	"	"	"	"	44
In Boston,	"	"	"	"	40
In New York,	"	"	"	"	27

Thus the mortality of New York seems to be almost double that of London and Philadelphia, two of the healthiest large cities in the whole world.

And this, as we have said, is not the worst of it. According to the official report in question, New York is steadily retrograding in health. Consider for a moment, the following appalling table of the increasing rate of mortality of that city:—

In 1810, one person died in every				46
In 1830,	"	"	"	37
In 1857,	"	"	"	27

Thus it will be seen that in forty-seven years, the rate of mortality has nearly doubled. Supposing that the rate of mortality should continue to increase in the same proportion for the next three hundred years, we shall have the following appalling result:

In 1810 one person died in every					46
In 1857	"	"	"	"	27
In 1900	"	"	will die	"	15
In 1950	"	"	"	"	8
In 2000	"	"	"	"	5
In 2050	"	"	"	"	3
In 2100	"	"	"	"	2

In 2150 all the population will be swept off.

Thus, as it will be seen by the above table—which does not, of course, pretend to strict, but only to general, accuracy—if affairs in New York are allowed to go on from bad to worse, as they have been going for the last fifty years, in three hundred years, that city will cease to have an existence! Probably long before that period, however, New York will cease to exist. When the mortality, as will be the case about the year 2000—only 141 years from this time—gets to be as great every year as one in *five!* its inhabitants will begin to flee from it as from the pestilence which wasteth at noonday. Even in the year 1900, when only one in every *fifteen* shall begin to die, fathers will probably commence the practice—if it be not already commenced—of sending their families out of the city to reside, and of venturing only their own lives in the perilous search for gold. But, when, in the year 2000, the mortality shall amount to one in every *five*, the merchants themselves will dread to enter the city, to transact their daily business, and merchants from other portions of the country will refuse to encounter the risks of even a day's residence therein.

These considerations may be novel and startling,—and some of our readers may listen to them incredulously, and say, "How can these things be?" Our sufficient answer is the statistical table, presented by the New York authorities themselves—and the arithmetical deductions that we have made from it. "Figures," it has been said, "do not lie"—and any one who doubts the reliability of our statements, can cipher the matter out for himself.

But why should any one wonder at such a result as these figures undoubtedly indicate—why, more than all, should any reader of history, sacred or profane, wonder at it? Where are the great cities of antiquity, beside some of which New York were a mere hole in the wall. Where are Tyre, and Babylon—"that great city"—and Thebes, the proud city of Jove, and Memphis, by the abounding Nile? Where is Tadmor in the Desert, the green oasis in the whirling sands? Where is Carthage—the proud rival of Rome? And what are Jerusalem and Rome now, compared with what they were in their days of grandeur and of power? These fell, and because of their iniquities. And who that reads the daily records of the vice and crime of New York, and notes the corruption both of her council chambers and of her courts, will say that upon her forehead also might not be written, "Babylon, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth?" Talk of "sanitary regulations," as a remedy for this awful increase of mortality—doubtless these are very good in their way; but we are mistaken if the disease will not be found to lie too deep for any such material cure. The sanitary regulation that is most needed, is one that will reach down to the mind and heart—that will remove the uncleanness and the foul miasmas of vice and crime, and sternly repress what it cannot cure—that will place the government of affairs in the hands of good, instead of in those of bad men—that will make the churches places of devotion, instead of places for mere lip-worship, and for the ostentatious display of wealth and finery—that will change the Halls of Injustice, where rogues are shielded and caressed, into Halls of Justice, whose very shadow even shall strike a chill into the breasts of the murderer and the thief—these are the sanitary regulations, we opine, that are most needed in New York. Let her effect these, and not leave the others undone, and she may yet attain to a healthy and vigorous old age. Otherwise, the fate which we have arrayed before her, of decay and ruin in a few, fast-fleeting years, will probably be her portion—and men will stand in her deserted streets, and, gazing upon the sad scene of destruction around, will say:—"Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! whose merchants were the great men of the earth! for she is made desolate!"

SULLY'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Lives there a man with soul so dead that never to himself hath read Robinson Crusoe? We should hope not! Robinson Crusoe stands in literature, one of those equal, impartial, all-related works, like the plays of Shakspeare or the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. Truth and nature have adopted it into their family. Of all novels it is, in a certain sense, the first. For a novel professes to illustrate human life and character, and to do this successfully it must have verisimilitude. In other words it must seem to be not fiction but fact. Now the verisimilitude of Robinson Crusoe is perfect. There is not the slightest sense of story-telling in it from first to last. It reads throughout like a plain, circumstantial narrative of actual occurrences, and as such it is accepted by the mind. All its moral and educational influence works upon the reader unweakened by any sense of fiction. And when all is done, Robinson and his fortunes have become a part of ourselves and our experience.

"Not from a vain or shallow thought" came this model novel. Yet, while it interests and informs the most serious man, we all know the charm it has for youth, and what romantic pictures it paints upon the dreaming fancy of the boy. Some of these pictures, our famous Mr. Sully, who is himself a boy—one of those gray-haired boys that Holmes sings of with such tender jollity—has transferred to canvas. They may be seen, ten in number, at Mr. Earle's gallery on Chestnut Street in this city. It is not our place in this cursory notice, to speak critically of them as works of art: though we might say that their chief defect, in our judgment, is a certain soft and vague sketchiness of outline and color on the one hand—and on the other, in three or four of them at least, a preternatural cleanness in the costuming and surroundings which ill accords with our notion of the ship-wrecked seaman amidst his rude toils on the desert island. These traits leave the pictures without any vigorous muscularity and substantiality, and yet this very spectrality of form and color has a certain harmony with our mental dream of Robinson Crusoe. The pictures become soft suffusions of the boyish romance the book left in the mind—phantom pictures which suggest and shadow forth, rather than represent, the reality. There is also something admirable in the poetic feeling that has ordered and preserved the gradations of tone throughout the pictures, which rises in an ascending scale from the first, where the pallid sailor totters in bleak misery against the rock, just escaped from the savage sea, to the last, where he leaves the island in full-blown joy, gay in crimson raiment, with bright-garbed men around him, a tropic rainbow overhead, and sultry splendor warmly tinting everything. The sentiment of the first picture is well presented in the tottering sailor, contrasted with the livid, wallowing wrath of the surge from which he has just escaped. The best of all, we think, is the fifth, where Robinson discovers the print of the man's foot on the sand. There is something fine in the contrast between the strange, astonished figure, all aghast with wild human interest, and the sad indifference of the vast, blank, cloudy sky, the desert shore, and the listless and melancholy roll of the pale-green wave, over which a solitary sea-gull flaps his wings, making the scene seem lonelier by his presence. But in all, or almost all, of these pictures there is poetry, which we leave our readers to find and enjoy.

AN ARTIFICIAL HAND AND ARM.—Dr. B. Frank Palmer, who has had applications from several *thousands* of people for artificial legs, has now taken the case of the *armless* and *handless* people into consideration—who also unfortunately are numbered by the thousands. He has received two patents for the arm, one for an arm to be applied above, and the other below the elbow. As to what may be expected from these new inventions, we have the testimony of the well-known Dr. Mutter, Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, of this city, who says, in a letter to Mr. Palmer:—

I am really very much gratified to find that your ingenuity and perseverance have at length accomplished what the profession has so long waited for in vain—*a useful artificial Hand* and *Arm*. The models you showed me the other day appear to accomplish every indication, and are worthy companions to your *unequalled* "Artificial Legs." After many years' observation of the working of the latter, I am compelled to repeat, what I have already expressed in writing, that neither in Europe nor America is there an instrument of the kind, in my judgment at least, worthy of comparison with them.

"MENTAL DYSPEPSIA."—A lecture on this subject will be delivered by the Rev. A. A. Willits, of this city, for the benefit of the Northern Home of Industry, at the Handel and Hadyn Hall, corner of Eighth and Green streets, on the 25th instant, at a quarter before eight, P. M.

The well-known ability and eloquence of Mr. Willits—who, by the way, seems quite to have astonished the Bostonians by a recent discourse in that city—and the meritorious and discreet character of the charity for whose benefit the lecture is to be given—will no doubt draw together a numerous and brilliant audience. Those who have not heard Mr. Willits, would do well to embrace this opportunity—especially those who are so unfortunate as to be troubled with occasional attacks of "Mental Dyspepsia."

NOBLE STOCK-JOBBERS.—It is reported in Paris, that M. Fould, minister of the Emperor's household, has gained upwards of five millions of francs by the recent fall in the price of the French funds. M. de Morny is said to have been even more fortunate. All the officials connected with the palace are said to have realized large sums by the war panic.

Our readers will remember the view originally taken of the Emperor's speech in THE POST, in this connection. We surmised that one object of Louis Napoleon's might have been to make money "for self and friends." It is now rumored that his "friends" have made money—and, if this be the case, doubtless a large portion of the profits will be placed to the "lion's share."

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

POLE. Our correspondent is right; that celebrated "Apostrophe to Mary Ann" certainly is a little ambiguous in one portion:—

"A cow and heifer he must take,
And in the fair his market make.
Oh it gave my soul a charm,
When *she* gently squeezed my arm."

Our correspondent is somewhat puzzled to know whether the word "she" refers to the "cow" or to the "heifer." This is one of the most difficult questions that ever has been propounded to us, and we are inclined to "give it up," and acknowledge ourselves equally puzzled. In fact, it is so improbable that either of them would "squeeze" the "pole's" arm, except by running him up against a gate or fence post; and further, so exceedingly improbable that this would be "gently" done, or "give his soul (query, *sole*) a charm," that it casts a taint of suspicion upon the whole story.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER. You faint heart! how do you ever expect to win a fair lady? Refused you once, has she, and requested you hereafter to look upon her only as a sister—and yet seems pleased to go with you to places of amusement, and you think regards you with "rather more than a sisterly affection." Shall you ask again? Of course you shall—but do not be in too much of a hurry about it. Did you ever fish for trout? Then you know how foolish it is to attempt to draw your fish in too suddenly, even after you have hooked it. We expect that an unwise precipitancy was the reason of your rejection. Probably she was not so unwilling to have you, as to have you just *then*. Perhaps, too, she thought you a little fickle-minded, or lacking in perseverance, and wanted to see what stuff you were really made of. Of course, it may all be as she says, and she may never regard you with more than a sisterly affection—but you would be a simpleton to take that one rejection as a proof of it. Why, there are plenty of cases where men have been rejected half-a-dozen times, and then accepted at last. The instances where they have been rejected two or three times, are still more numerous. A case even is on record, where a lady called her obstinate suitor—who, of course, was an Irishman—into her presence, and absolutely, then and there, took an oath that she would *never*, NEVER have him. "Madam," said he, "a bad oath is better broken than kept; and I never was sure that you really would have me until the present moment." He judged that if she felt it necessary to strengthen her resolution in that way, it was a proof of its being of rather a flexible character; and, as the story goes on to say, he was correct in his view, and before many months the lady married her persevering suitor. This was carrying perseverance too far, however. When our correspondent has had his *third* refusal, let him hang his harp upon the willows. She must be rather a weak character, that could be pestered or worried into an acceptance. We only recommend a sufficient degree of perseverance to enable the lady to be sure of her own mind. Many a lady doubtless has mourned during long years, the impetuous folly of her lover, in giving her up in despair at a first refusal.

FLORA. The marriage ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand—some wear the engagement ring, also, we believe, on the same finger—though it is not in good taste. Others wear it on the first finger of the left hand. It is preferable, perhaps, to wear it on the little finger, next to the marriage ring finger, as denoting that the lady is next door to matrimony, and that her happiness now is small to what it will be when she is able to wear a larger ring on a larger finger. As this is a matter however that the ladies should settle for themselves, we shall withhold our decision until we have the opinions of some of our fair readers upon the subject. No lady, we may add, who is not both a belle and a beauty, need attempt to enlighten us upon the subject. We are forced to make this discrimination, as we do not wish to be overrun with communications from parties who are not in a position to be competent advisers upon the question. Any lady, however, who is neither belle nor beauty, if she has been engaged three times, would be respectfully listened to, and her opinion also respected, however little we might be disposed to respect her personally.

EMMA. "Cold-cream" is not your "country cold cream," though that is indeed excellent, when taken inwardly, but a druggist's preparation, made of lard, as we suppose, which is better for the outward than the inner man. If Emma has been trying to cure her chapped chin with "the kind of cold cream they have at home," it is no wonder that she has not been very successful. A little tallow from the "dip" that she probably uses to light herself to bed, would be better.

MATILDA JANE. Pretty hands certainly are very pretty things, and it is very true that "hard work does *not* improve everybody's hands." But there is something better than having pretty hands, Matilda Jane—and that is doing your duty. And, though you might improve the looks of your hands, by taking the suike, and refusing to work, it is very certain that your beauty would lose more in the changed expression of your face, than it would gain in the improved shape and softness of your hands. It is well for every lady to be as beautiful as she conveniently can be, without neglecting the duties of her position. And more *beautiful* than this she cannot be—though she may improve certain portions of her beauty, say, shape, complexion, &c., by pursuing an opposite course. But let every one be assured that, as the old Greeks said, "Beauty is the flowering of Virtue;" and the path of Duty is therefore always the path of the highest Beauty. Some one has finely said:—

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the first, and thou shalt see
The second always follow thee.

W. B. L. Our friend at Savannah, Ga., is indeed one of our old subscribers—having had his name twenty-six years uninterruptedly on our books. And yet we are pleased to be able to say that there are a good many more like him—for instance, sixty-five in this city alone.

MAGGIE. Engaged "six" years, and still Richard puts off the marriage, "for one reason or another"—what shall you do? Why it all depends upon Richard's reasons. If they are good reasons, wait for him six years longer, if need be. If they are not satisfactory ones, or evidently mere subterfuges, tell him frankly that you are afraid he has lost his love for you, and recoils from fulfilling an engagement which he yet hesitates to break, and that you therefore gladly release him from all further obligation to fulfil it. This will soon settle the matter, one way or the other. We take it for granted that you are a girl of too much good sense, not to say spirit, to wish to marry a man who either has lost his love for you, or has ascertained, in the progress of time, that he never really loved you enough to marry you. You had better allow your heart to be broken, than do such an unjust and unholy thing as force a man into an union with you against his will. If the course we advise results in your parting, do not sully your last meeting with any word or look of reproach or anger. Richard may be more to be pitied than to be blamed. His only fault may have been in mistaking the fascination of a moment *for* the love which will last a life, and in having rushed too hastily into a betrothal. In such a case, bad as it is to ask a release from an engagement, it would be tenfold worse to enter upon a matrimonial union, and vow a love which was not felt.

A. A. A. A husband has a right by law to open his wife's letters—and we will not say that it may not be sometimes justifiable, even when done in known opposition to her wishes. But these are lamentable and unusual cases—and look towards after remonstrance and expostulation, if not to separation and divorce. In the case of those who love and have faith in each other, it is best to refrain from opening each other's letters—except in very peculiar cases, and where the circumstances will excuse it. Every man and woman, as a general rule, likes to be the first to break the seal of his or her letters. Of course, after the wife has read her letter, she will—if she be a true and loving wife—hand it over to her husband for his perusal also. And the husband—if he also be true and loving—will hand his letters of friendship to his wife, in order that she also may be amused or edified thereby. The same rule holds in this case as in all others, do not forget the observance of a proper respect and etiquette towards the partner of your life—and owe all favors rather to a spirit of love than to a sense of duty.

EDWARD. The Christmas Waits or Wakes are not generally observed in this country. They are named from the practice of Waiting through the night for the dawning of Christmas day. The custom which was formerly a religious waiting or watching, has degenerated into the strolling about of parties of men and boys, who sing songs at people's doors, and expect contributions therefor. It would be better, perhaps, considering the character of these parties—and their execrable music—to give them "more kicks than *koppers*." In this country, we have a still more abominable custom—that of "firing off the old year," as it is called. If the fellows who practice it could be rammed into the barrels of their own guns and pistols, and fired off every year, we could tolerate the custom better—the world would get rid of a great number of simpletons in that way. We have an invalid sister who is yet suffering from the noisy folly of last New Year's eve—and doubtless there are many others in every large city, to whom that festive period of the year is ever, from this cause, a period of torment. Will not all sensible people unite in putting down these ridiculous and execrable customs? No man should be tolerated in taking his enjoyment in such a mode as must necessarily interfere with the enjoyment of hundreds of others around him.

SPORTSMAN. Yes, cannon balls are "shot," technically and correctly. Shot for guns is made of lead; for cannon, or "big guns," of iron. Do you want to know anything more? For instance, *spoons* are generally made either of pewter or silver. Some are made of flesh and blood, however. Do you take?

POLITICIANS. Yes, we believe it was Jefferson who said that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." But we may be allowed to remark that that is a price no people ever will pay for liberty. "Eternal vigilance" is a thing so wearing upon the constitution of the majority of men, that not even the Constitution of the United States would be able to stand it. Any people, in the long run, will tire of "eternal vigilance," and be anxious to take a little ease and rest, even if their liberty be the price they have to pay for it. The history of the world abounds with proofs of this.

New Publications.

MISS BREMER'S "FATHER AND DAUGHTER," (T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) the new novel we briefly mentioned last week, proves upon closer examination to be very much what our cursory glance through its pages assured us it was. It has less humor than some of her former novels, more prevailing seriousness, true power and pathos, and a steady interest, rising, in one instance at least—namely, the description of the deadly peril of the mail carriers in crossing the winter sea from the island of Aland to Gothland—into vivid and thrilling quality. The various characters—the noble stoic Professor, the deaf student Algott, the fashionable and worldly Baroness, the accomplished Axel, the fair young Rhoda—are well-contrasted and effective. Rosa Norrby, the heroine, is very sweetly and loftily conceived, though in one or two places, a little marred in the execution, as in the beginning, where there is an effect of pedantry and excessive intellectualism produced by her being shown reading aloud a long passage from Cicero. The book may be considered another plea for the social elevation and enfranchisement of woman, a cause Miss Bremer has much at heart. In one respect, which, at the risk of being thought over-critical, we must mention, the book comically fails. Miss Bremer announces at the outset that she is sick of love-stories, and that the interest of this is to depend on another element. The brilliant mystic passion-flower of love is not to fill this garden with its enchanting odor; we shall have instead the lily fragrance of filial affection. It is the love of father and daughter this work will glorify. So it does, to be sure; the noble affection between Rosa and the Professor is shown in all its beauty; but nevertheless, spite of scheme and announcement, the story is a love story, and its most central interest is in the development of Axel's love for Rosa, of the other sister's love for Axel, ending at last in Axel's proposal to Rosa, her agitated refusal and reproving announcement that not to her, but to her sister, with whose affections he has trifled, his offer should have been made, and finally flowering in the happy marriage of Axel and the sister. So that it is upon love, after all, that the main interest of the story depends! Well done, Miss Bremer! After this, who shall say that a woman's instincts are not stronger than her principles? The inevitable young man and the inevitable young woman will assert their prominence in novels as in life. Romeo and Juliet are not to be shut out. But who complains? Not we, assuredly. It is right it should be so. For, as the old blithe song says,

"'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
That makes the world go round—"

and it is equally sure that a good novel, which ought to be the epitome of the world, will not, and ought not to, "go round," or go at all, unless it gives the lovers their rightful place and due importance.

THE HOUSE: A POCKET MANUAL OF RURAL ARCHITECTURE (Fowler & Wells, New York,) appears to be a work of considerable practical value. It is a strictly popular treatise, written plainly, and treating of every description of edifice, from a pig-sty to a palace. If you want to build an ash-house, an ice-house, a poultry-house, a cistern, a barn, a stable, a log-cabin, a farm-house, a Southern mansion, a Northern villa, a two-story, or three-story dwelling, of brick, wood, or stone, a residence of any kind, size or shape whatever, here is a little book full of practical hints and directions, telling you about cost, purpose, site, plan, style, architectural fitness, materials, colors, and all other details of whatever nature. Plenty of pictures of the various kinds of houses, and diagrams of plans, accompany and illustrate the instructions. We see no reason why this manual should not be practically useful.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER (Crosby & Nichols, Boston,) is published once in two months, at four dollars a year, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Brookline, and the Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston. Of course, with its doctrinal views we have nothing to do. As to its literary merit, everyone agrees that its pages are marked by eminent scholarship and ability. The January number, now before us, has among other articles a beautiful tribute to the Moravians, a just judgment of Carlyle's new "Life of Frederick the Great," and a demolishing review of the Rev. Mr. Sawyer's ridiculous attempt at a new translation of the New Testament.

ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) include memoirs and notices of Bailly, Herschel, Laplace, and Joseph Fourier. The account of the noble and unfortunate Bailly, who was guillotined during the Reign of Terror, is especially interesting. Another point of interest in the volume, is the ray it throws upon the character of Napoleon, who comes in incidentally in relation to men of science. Everywhere, he is seen to have been rude, insulting, arbitrary, and tyrannical.

ARE'S NEW METHOD OF LEARNING GERMAN (D. Appleton, New York,) has for its ground principle "Learn a foreign language as you learned your mother tongue." This makes acquisition as easy as possible.

☞ "What makes you look so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma' was looking on."

☞ You may rise early, go to bed late, study hard, read much, and devour the marrow of the best authors, and yet be as meagre in regard of true and useful knowledge as Pharoah's lean kine after they had eaten the fat ones.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 22d, 1859.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

DEAR SIR:—From the Asylum for Idiots we drove to the Penitentiary—by far the saddest sight of the two.

This necessary evil of civilized society presents as agreeable a face to the outside world as could well be expected. There is a yard in front of the main building, planted with trees and shrubs, which must be pleasant in summer, in spite of the shadows of the dark prison walls, and the deeper moral shadows of the crime and misery beyond them.

On the door, in large, hearty letters, is the hospitable invitation—"WALK IN,"—but I looked in vain on the inside, for a like kindly invitation to *walk out*.

We were met in the parlor by the Warden, Mr. Van Slyke, an amiable and benevolent gentleman, who entered upon his difficult and painful duties here with the enthusiasm, faith and courage of a genuine philanthropist, and who, I am told, has introduced many excellent reforms and improvements for the benefit of this unfortunate community—this sad, silent fraternity, this melancholy monastery of involuntary Trappists, retired from the world, for the world's good.

"You are just in time," said the Warden, "to see the prisoners march in to dinner."

We were conducted to the great inner court, where we saw them all emerge from their work-shops, form into companies, and pass before us, in single file, to the lock-step, division after division, each headed by its tallest man—seven hundred prisoners! They were all dressed in prison uniform—a complete suit of striped black and white cloth, which gives them a most grotesque and zebra-like look. The donning of this absurd costume must be not the least painful part of Penitentiary punishments. I should think a prisoner would rather take a few stripes on his back occasionally, from the cat-o'-nine tails of the old system, than to have them distributed over his person in this way—a perpetual castigation of the spirit. I suppose though, it is all right, proper and necessary,—but I do think they might make the stripes match better, across the back and down the legs. The hap-hazard way in which these punitive and flagellative garments are put together struck me as a piece of unnecessary cruelty or pitiful economy on the part of the State or the prison tailors.

The Warden pointed out to us several murderers,—among them, Arrison, of Cincinnati, who disposed of his victims by means of an "infernal machine."

"*Why is he here?*" I asked. "Surely, if he was guilty at all, it was of murder, in its most diabolical form."

"Certainly," was the reply, "and he is only here because it is next to impossible to hang a man in Cincinnati."

If this is the case, capital punishment should speedily be done away with in Ohio, to save its "Queen city" from becoming a "city of refuge" for desperadoes and assassins, and to save the consciences of jurors, while jurors have consciences to save.

I fancied that all these homicidal heroes bore themselves with a conscious dignity, as though they stood higher than their fellow criminals, by at least, the thickness of a murdered body,—as though like the O'Neills, they took pride in the "bloody hand" emblazoned on their 'scutcheons.

Heading one of the companies was a tall, cadaverous, vicious-looking man, with a pair of dark, deep-set, restless eyes, fierce, sullen, yet subdued—each looking like a trapped wolf, fearfully glaring out upon his foes. Over the face, was a general expression of stale sanctimoniousness and exposed hypocrisy. It was Stiggins, but Stiggins, after he had undergone the dispensation of the water-trough, administered by old Weller and the profane youth, Sam; after he had been suddenly arrested in his career of prosperity and cant, of tea-drinking and buttered-toast eating, with the devout and admiring sisterhood. I was not surprised to hear that this "Son of Anak" was "a perverted minister." He was an elder of the Methodist denomination, of excellent repute and high standing, (full six feet four, I should say,) but, a short time since, was unfortunate in an attempt to revive certain patriarchal customs—to engraft upon Ohio one of the peculiar institutions of Utah. In other words, he is in for Bigamy.

Decidedly this false shepherd hath an evil countenance! There is no life like a life of hypocrisy to demonize "the human face divine." Other vicious lives may sooner stamp their fearful impress on the outer features: but hypocrisy lurks within, poisons all the soul, and rots its way out at last, making the face hateful and hideous to behold.

After the sad multitude had taken their places at table, we went into the vast, gloomy dining hall, and saw them at their repast.

As I looked over the assembly at leisure, I saw some decidedly good faces—that is, amiable and intelligent, not dishonest, but weak-looking—some that showed refinement of organization, or culture, and many that were very sorrowful. But by far the greater part were hard, almost hopeless faces—looking brutally sullen, defiant, reckless, or stupidly apathetic. Yet, as my eye passed with slow, discouraged gaze from head to head, the thought came to me with overpowering pathos:—*They were all babies once*—innocent babies, hugged fondly to their mothers' yearning hearts, stirring by their first faint smiles and lisping words new founts of tenderness in their fathers' under breasts. Then I remembered those who devote themselves through toilsome, painful years, to the instruction of the idiotic and the restoration of the insane, hoping in the face of despair, and working against such fearful odds—and I said to myself, Shall the creature transcend the Creator in the divine attributes of *love* and *pity*? Shall I doubt *God's* power to reach and redeem even *these*, the insane in sin and crime, the fools of low cunning and evil craft? If mere *human* patience and devotion fail not here, where the task is so long and the day so short, shall I doubt His patience and loving-kindness in the work of redeeming His own, with all angelic influences and agencies

at His command, and His eternity to work in? And while these *are* His children, though so sinful and degraded, while they are my brothers, shall I *dare* to despair for them?

The Warden handed me a piece of their bread, that I might taste its quality. I received it, and ate of it with a solemn, sacramental feeling. It was my communion with humanity, in its saddest and lowest estate.

Mr. Van Slyke has instituted a most humane system of treatment here, and greatly to the disappointment of fogyish opponents, and the relief of doubting friends, it is working admirably. He treats every man kindly, and with the respect due to a man, and as, in every human soul there is a spark of the divine, though sometimes burning so dimly that only divine vision can perceive it, so sometimes in the hardest criminal he finds an unlooked-for response to his friendly feeling, a cheering recognition of his unselfish motives and desires.—He told me that one of the worst cases here, a prisoner for life, long ago pronounced a perfectly incurable subject, and whose back is scarred all over with the lash, has not even given cause for a reprimand under the new system. He said that there were many more among the criminals whose better natures had been reached by kindness—men who had been thought to possess no feelings to be touched for good, (as though they had forfeited their human hearts with their liberty,) and he added that if he himself were in any perilous strait, requiring the aid and support of a large number of men, he would rather be *inside* the prison than *outside*.

He also related to me a circumstance which filled me with sorrowful indignation. When he entered upon his duties here, he found in the office a drawer full of daguerreotypes, which his predecessors had taken away from the prisoners—thus cruelly denying them the sad consolation of looking upon the dumb image of father, mother, brother, sister, sweetheart, wife or child. It is a blessed thing that such jailors cannot rob their unhappy charges of the *memories* of absent friends—the pictures of the heart—or shut from their lonely cells the pitying spirits of the loved ones gone—the ministering angels of God. If they could do this, I fear it would be done—though in the blind folly of a theory, rather than from hardness of heart.

Mr. Van Slyke hastened to restore all the pictures for which he could find owners, and the lost mementoes were received with gratitude and joy.

"I would to Heaven," he said, "that every prisoner could bring with him here, the pictures of his nearest and dearest! They would help to keep his heart human, and open to good influences."

We were next shown the hall appropriated to the female prisoners. Of these there are but thirteen; but I am afraid this wonderful disproportion does not speak so much for women's honesty and purity in general, as for the gallantry and kind-heartedness of Ohio jurors in particular. We felt pretty sure that those we did find here, were desperate cases. The two first were murderesses. Yet there was one poor invalid, in whose face I could see no evil. She is a French woman, of obvious refinement and education—in, I believe, for receiving stolen goods. Her conduct since coming here, is said to have been irreproachable. A rather singular circumstance the Warden related of her. A year or two since, she nursed a fellow convict, a black girl, through a long sickness, and when the girl died, took precisely her disease—paralysis of the right side, and has been confined to a bed ever since. She spoke very touchingly of her life in the prison, of her approaching liberation, and her hope that her friends would take her back to France, to die. On the stand, by her bedside, were many books, English and French, and she said that in reading she found her best consolation. Since the day of her incarceration, she had not heard a word of her own language spoken, till I, prompted by a perhaps mistaken benevolence, made a desperate dash at it. With the marvellous quickness of her nation, she recognized her disguised mother-tongue, at once, and freely forgave me my sins against it, in her delight at being able to speak it in return. The long unused words flew from her lips like birds from a cage, and made pleasant music in her prison-cell. Her voice is very sweet, her face gentle and intelligent in expression, and in her neat little French cap, looked far more like a Sister of Charity, than a criminal.

The female prisoners are not kept apart, but are allowed to sit together in a common room. They are not compelled to don a hideous prison dress, and they *are* allowed to converse together, in presence of a matron. I suppose that in their case, the Zebra-costume would have been pronounced an inhuman cruelty, and the silent system have been found an utter impossibility.

We next made a round of the shops, and saw the men at their work; and here seeing the earnest and interested look of some of them, I felt that the "hard labor," instead of being a part of their punishment, was its best alleviation—the primal curse turned into a blessing.

We were invited by the Warden and Chaplain, to attend service at the Penitentiary, on Sunday morning—after which time, I may have more to relate. For the present, adieu. I am sorry to leave you again in so undesirable a place—but I shall soon be able to escort you to the Lunatic Asylum. Kind Fortune get us well out of that.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

TO A GUEST AT A PUBLIC DINNER.

Refreshing sight! when at the crowded feast
We view thy head—one empty spot at least!
—By one Looking for a Place.

☞ "Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a Western debating club in a bar-room. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the bar-keeper he called for a hot whiskey punch and drank it off with great gusto; then, turning to his opponents, he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out—"Now *smell it*, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

LETTER from PARIS.

POLITICAL ECHOES—A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER—A SILENT COLONY—WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR BEES—A REMEDY FOR MANY EVILS—A PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST—MISDIRECTED TALENT—WHERE CORAL COMES FROM.

Paris, January 13, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The hubbub excited by the words addressed on New Year's Day by the Emperor to the Austrian Ambassador, is still going on from one end of Europe to the other. Despite the denials of the *Moniteur*, it can hardly be believed that a man so habitually cautious as the Emperor, and so little given to spontaneous utterance, can have uttered the words in question without previous reflection, and a full understanding of the attention they would excite throughout Europe. The *role* of a deliverer in Italy may not improbably have tempted his imagination, and the army is said to be very impatient of inaction. But so much alarm has been manifested at the idea of a possible interference of the Second Empire in Italian affairs, that it is hardly likely that his problematic Majesty will venture on taking the initiative with regard to any action in Italy. At the same time, the bad feeling existing between Austria and Sardinia, the speech of Victor Emmanuel at the opening of the Sardinian Chambers a few days ago, and the approaching marriage of his daughter, the Princess Clotilda, to Prince Napoleon, added to the excitement prevailing in Lombardy against Austria, and the rapid increase of the Austrian forces in that province, all tend to confirm the fear, now pretty generally felt here, that "trouble is in the wind." Nevertheless, a struggle beginning in Italy, would so probably involve the rest of Europe in a war which no one wants, from which but little lasting good could result, while it would infallibly be productive of immense mischief, that it may well be doubted whether matters will be allowed to come to an extremity. The inauguration of constitutional reform in Italy would dissipate the cloud; should this still be denied, the storm will probably come. But can any honest assistance to the cause of constitutional government in Italy be fairly hoped for at the hands of two absolute monarchs like those of France and Russia! Even those who sympathize most sincerely with the Italians in their abhorrence of the Austrian yoke, may well hesitate to accord their confidence to a crusade, even against Austria, if under the guidance of leaders of so doubtful a political school as that of Napoleon and Alexander.

It is rumored that both in the French and English ports extraordinary activity is manifested; and although public opinion still inclines to a belief that the peace of Europe will be preserved, very general uneasiness on the subject certainly exists.

While the late lull in European politics is thus disturbed by uncomfortable forebodings, our hitherto "open" winter is also changing its character. Violent storms have been raging in Piedmont, and especially in Savoy, attended by driving showers of snow, which has fallen in many parts of Italy to the depth of several feet. On Mont Cenis the hurricane was so violent as to blow three stout horses and the heavily-laden wagon they were drawing, sheer over a precipice, where they were buried in the snow. Intense cold has also been experienced in the south of France, usually so mild in point of temperature; the wolves coming down in packs from the mountains, driven from their haunts by hunger, and showing themselves boldly in the outskirts of the towns, to the great terror of all the "Little Red Riding-hoods" and their affectionate parents. The capriciousness of the climate of the south of Europe, where the usual mildness of the temperature may be changed at any moment by cold blasts from the north and east, is causing the French colony of Algeria to be more and more resorted to by invalids and winter-haters from all parts of Europe. This winter, strange to say, heavy falls of snow have occurred in the mountainous regions of Algeria, but the snow melts as soon as it falls, and the level portion of the country enjoys an equability of temperature which is denied to Europe.

As for the natural resources of the colony, perhaps one of the best proofs of its capabilities, and of the recompense awaiting steady agricultural labor therein, is offered by the success which has attended the labors of a society of colonists, belonging to the severest of all the monastic orders, the Trappists, bound by their vows not only to a life of labor and hardship, but of entire abstinence from the exercise of the gift of speech. These monks, thirteen years ago, took possession of a tract of about one thousand acres of wild land, a grant of which had been conceded to them by the French Government, at Staoueli, in the neighborhood of Algiers. This land was simply a great patch of weeds when the silent brethren entered upon its cultivation. Now they have about four hundred acres tilled or converted into meadows; twenty-five acres being covered with vines and mulberry trees. They have one thousand sheep, six hundred pigs, seventy draught oxen, twenty horses and mares, and seventy milch cows of the finest breed. Their dairy is arranged in the most complete manner for supplying the town of Algiers with milk and butter. The value of the buildings now on the property exceeds 400,000 francs; there are four fountains, an extensive orangery, two limekilns, a brick-field, smith's forge, brewery, and wash-house, together with workshops for carpenters and wheelwrights. The Trappists of Staoueli obtained a gold medal at the Exhibition of 1851, for their exquisite essences, prepared from flowers of their own raising, and other superior agricultural and horticultural products. They have also been the first to introduce a threshing machine into Africa.

When my pen wanders off to that favored region of perpetual flowers and perennial sunshine, not tempting as a summer residence, but an earthly paradise in winter, where friends of mine are spending the winter, sending northward letters filled with the jessamines, rose-leaves and violets gathered in their ramblings, telling of the strawberries, cherries, figs, dates, oranges, peas and asparagus, on which they are feasting, while we are condemned to insipid winter pears and roasted apples, and recounting the glorious sunny days spent in the open air, while we are shivering beside the wretched little fires and open hearths of this comfort-ignoring country—it is very difficult for me to call it home again! For the benefit of those who may not detest a northern winter as heartily as your correspondent, and who may have turned their attention to a branch of "stock-raising" which ought to be more generally undertaken, as it is both easy, amusing, and profitable, viz.: the keeping of bees, I must mention that a process for preserving these interesting little creatures during the winter, much practised in Germany during the last century, has been recently adopted in France with perfect success. The process in question consists simply in burying the hives during the winter months. A trench is dug, wide and deep enough to admit of several rows of bee-hives being placed on benches or other supports; the hives are then well covered with straw, a few planks are laid over the trench, and covered with earth well trodden down.—The advantages derived from this operation are that the bees consume less honey during the winter, that few of them die, and that the queen begins to lay eggs about six weeks sooner. The hives may be buried about the middle of November, and be taken up in March or April, according to the state of the weather.

There being not only a very unequal distribution of the necessaries of life, but also an utterly inadequate production of the same, is it not to be regretted that, in all the so-called "civilised" communities of the earth, the various branches of food-raising are not more generally shared in by their members? Any family, even in towns, might easily raise honey enough for its own consumption, and give itself much pleasant amusement in so doing; while who would not be the better, in body and mind, for devoting some portion of his or her time to active work in the field or garden? By this general participation in the healthy occupations for which nature seems to have destined us, and for the lack of which we are afflicted with so endless a train of physical and mental disorders, the fruits of the earth might be perfected, and produced with an abundance that would fill the earth with plenty; and Want, that prolific parent of Crime and Misery, might thus, if we so willed it, be banished from the world—the long list of nervous and scrofulous ailments that afflict humanity, being banished by the same process. The present Emperor seems determined to do all he can to develope agricultural pursuits in this country; he has just commenced another "model farm" in the neighborhood of St. Cloud; and the Bishop of Beauvais, with a laudable desire to promote this good work, has just introduced agricultural instruction into the studies of pupils at the seminaries established for the education of young men intended for the priesthood.

Mention has frequently been made in these letters of the interest felt here on the subject of bread-making, and the numerous machines that have been devised with a view to supersede the employment of human arms in the kneading of the dough, these machines being all, unfortunately, too complicated for general use. But one has now been brought forward by Dr. Raboisson, of Bordeaux, which is perfectly simple, and seems to be destined to meet the requirements of the case. It consists merely of a large wooden box, into which are put the flour and water destined to be converted into paste, together with an iron frame of a cubic form closed with a wire net, and about one-third as large as the box. The apparatus is then closed with a lid, and a rotary motion imparted to it by means of a winch, for the space of half an hour. The frame constantly shifts its place inside the box during the rotation, touches at every point, and shakes the flour and water together, kneading them into a perfect paste, which has only to receive the leaven to be made into excellent bread.

An instance of less legitimate ingenuity, but worth citing as a specimen of the craft so especially busy in our day, when all would fain be rich, and a field for honest industry is unfortunately often hard to find, has just been brought to light by the proceedings of the Tribunal of Correctional Police against a woman named Dereinsberg, and her two confederates, also women, named Roux and Girard. It appears that Dereinsberg was employed by a tradesman named Biot to call on ladies of rank, and offer for sale dresses, lace, and other articles. When she announced that she had effected a sale, more goods were entrusted to her; if for ready money, which rarely occurred, she brought the money to Biot; if on credit it was entered on the books, and after a delay of a few months, she was charged to get the bill paid. In either case she deducted a certain percentage for her commission. In February last she gave several extensive orders for various great ladies; but when, some months after, Biot directed her to get in his money, she was unable to bring him any. After accepting various excuses, time after time, for the delay, he at length made an investigation, and discovered that the greater part of the sales were never made to the ladies in whose name they were entered, or were made to people who did not exist. Thus the woman had obtained 64 francs' worth of pocket-handkerchiefs, for, as she said, the Countess de Morny, the Emperor's sister-in-law; but when Biot applied to the Countess for payment, he found that she had never ordered or received anything from him. Other pretended sales were made to the Princess de Chimay, Princess Kotschouberg, and other ladies eminent in the world of fashion; while others were made nominally to Countesses, Duchesses, and Princesses who had no real existence, and others to a pretended Countess de Viganot, said to reside in the hotel Voltaire, but of whose existence no trace is visible. All these goods, as has since been proved, were sold by Dereinsberg to Roux, or pawned. In October last this audacious swindler ordered various articles to the value of 585 francs for Queen Christina, who is residing at Malmaison, and wanted to take them away, but Madame Biot said she should like to deliver them herself. The woman, on some plea contrived, however, not to take Mme. Biot to her ex-Majesty; and a few days afterwards she announced that the Queen would call at the shop, which, of course, the Queen did not do. Mme. Biot having expressed some surprise at this, the woman said, "Eh bien! let us take the things to Malmaison ourselves, and see the Queen." The proposition pleasing Mme. Biot, she put up the things in question, and the two went to Malmaison, where they found, in the porter's lodge, an elderly female dressed in a sort of nun's costume.

"This is her Majesty's housekeeper," said the woman; on which Mme. Biot remarked that she had brought some articles for the Queen, and wished to show them to her Majesty herself.

"Oh, Madame," answered the housekeeper, "it would be contrary to etiquette for the Queen to receive you; but leave me the things, I will show them to her Majesty, and you may call to-morrow to know whether the Queen purchases them or not."

Mme. Biot left the things, and returned next day. Addressing the porter, she said,

"Tell the Queen's housekeeper, the lady I saw here yesterday, that I am waiting to see her."

"The Queen's housekeeper!" cried the man, "that old woman! Why, she only comes here to beg for charity!"

"And my things!" demanded Mme. Biot, in despairing accents.

"She took them away with her," returned the man; "I did not know for what purpose you had given them to her, and had no reason to prevent her doing so."

It was then discovered that the woman who had so audaciously personated the Queen's housekeeper, was a widow named Girard. The tribunal, after hearing these facts, condemned Dereinsberg to two year's imprisonment, Roux to fifteen months, and Girard to twelve months; and each to pay a fine of fifty francs. As to the unfortunate shopkeeper, who has thus been robbed to the tune of several thousand francs, he will probably have learned to be a little more circumspect in future. But is it not sad to see so much ingenuity, so much talent for planning and contriving, as this swindler has shown in the carrying out of her designs, prostituted to so evil a purpose, instead of being made to subserve some honest and honorable end?

Among the statistics brought out by the close of another year, those relating to the coral fishery inform us that the number of boats engaged in this business in 1858 on the coasts of Africa, Sardinia, and Corsica was, 330 from Torre del Greco, 20 from Santa Marguerita, and 50 from Leghorn. On the coasts of Morocco and Algeria this trade is mostly in the hands of Spaniards. A few Tuscan boats fish on the coast of the Duchy, and about Elba, where the coral, though scarce, is of the most exquisite quality. Neapolitan boats entered largely into the coral fishery last year, greatly reducing the gains of the other boats. The state of affairs in India has had a disastrous effect on this trade. The coral fishery is quite free, uncontrolled by any special laws, and any sort of machine may be used for bringing up this curious substance. The pale pink coral, so much the rage just now, is very rarely met with, and is prized as much for its rarity as for its beauty.

QUANTUM.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 27, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—

At four o'clock on the 25th, we left the hotel in a barouche drawn by a pair of moderately good horses, which had been previously engaged for the afternoon, to drive us about the city, leave us at the opera-house, and, calling for us, carry us back to the hotel; for which services we paid twelve dollars and seventy-five cents, a pretty round sum for an afternoon's ride.

Before leaving, we had attired ourselves in full opera dress, and, though accompanied by another lady, I could not avoid feeling somewhat conspicuous—though we were not considered so, it being the custom of the place. The ladies here always appear handsomely dressed, and after dinner, while riding on the "Paseo," which is a most beautiful drive, shaded by palm trees, they always appear in *full* toilet, which signifies *low* waist, *short* sleeves, and ball dress. This is the reason, I think, that they are credited with so much beauty. Our American ladies, seen under the same circumstances, would compare favorably. I saw very few handsome women. The veil worn in the mornings by the ladies is exceedingly becoming. After dinner the veil is dispensed with, and the hair handsomely arranged. Even we American ladies don the veil; we gladly hang our bonnets on a nail, labelled to be left till called for, like "the stranger" in the "Cricket on the Hearth." I have not had mine on my head since my arrival; neither is it my intention to wear it, as I give the preference to the veil, not only for its *becomingness*, but for comfort.

During our ride we saw a great deal to admire, and much to amuse. The face of the country is very beautiful; it is more rolling than I anticipated, and dotted with oriental looking foliage. There are many fine palaces outside the city; yet I think we have many country residences equally fine. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and some of the gardens magnificent; superior to any I have ever seen. We had the privilege of walking through Count Palatine's garden, which was handsomely terraced, and beds of flowers blooming on each terrace except the lowest, which was devoted to a banana and orange grove—the trees of each being laden with fruit.

The number of the military you see at all times, must be rather alarming to any one inclined toward filibustering. I understood that, counting volunteers and all, they mustered thirty thousand strong. It seemed to me that every other man we met had a red cockade on his hat.

One of the most amusing things to me in passing along through the streets, was to see the different grades of individuals looking through the iron bars of the windows. The poor natives all looked like prisoners, and the wealthy like the insane. There was always an almost irresistible impulse in me to *make faces*, when I looked through the windows.

We rode till six o'clock, when being conscious of an appetite, we stopped at "Dominico's," the fashionable restaurant, and ordered supper. We paid twenty cents *apiece* for fried eggs, and twenty cents for each cup of chocolate; the latter is excellent, but dealt out in very small cups.

Upon arriving at the theatre, we found that everything was conducted in the most orderly manner. There was a troop of cavalry on guard, to enforce the laws. Each one must take their turn in coming to, and going from, the theatre. The carriages being in single line, there is no pushing or loud words. You must go according to order, and all seem to understand that such is the case. The government appears to take charge of everything. The theatre was a fine building—the parquette is exclusively occupied by the gentlemen. The first and second tiers are divided into separate boxes, of different sizes, and taken generally for the season. We were fortunate in getting the last unoccupied box, for this evening, and had the pleasure (?) of paying eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents for it. The railing outside, and also that which divides the boxes, is of open iron work; consequently the ladies' dresses show to great advantage. The climate is too warm to allow of opera cloaks being worn while in the theatre, therefore the full dress adds very much in giving style and beauty to the house.

The box opposite the stage, in the second row, is occupied by the Chief of Police, who by a certain motion signifies his consent when the audience desire a part repeated. There can be no repetition without his consent, and when that is gained the performer *must* appear and repeat.

We were favored with three Prima Donnas, and parts of three operas—Miss Phillips as Leonora in Trovatore, Gazzaniga as Violetta in Traviata, and Madame Gassier as Rosina in the Barber of Seville. The audience were very enthusiastic, which put fire into the performers. I never saw such playing at our operas at home. The audience and performers were in the most excited condition. The stage was literally covered with flowers during Gazzaniga's performance; she could not walk without stepping on them. Printed verses also were thrown from the gallery. She is a great favorite with most of the Cubans. I could but notice that Madame Gassier received the most applause from what would be called the *aristocratic* part of the house. The air sang by her during the music lesson, seemed to set the audience wild. No wonder that they say we seem cold at the north. They must miss all this southern warmth when among us.

Between the acts, we strangers were entertained by the music of the *ladies' fans*. These Spanish ladies have a style of opening, shutting, and flirting a fan peculiar to themselves, and they do it most gracefully.

The performance was over by half-past ten, which was a great improvement on our long drawn out operas. Here no one was weary, and all left, feeling still fresh in their interest and enthusiasm. And we were allowed to reach our stone-floored, barn-doored, grated-window domicile at a seasonable hour, to consider at our leisure whether we had received thirty-four dollars worth of pleasure since dinner.

The almanacs say that yesterday was Sunday; but I think there must be some mistake in the printing of the said book, for this city had more going on than there has been any day previous. Some of your readers no doubt will be horror-struck, when I relate the day's adventures; but all must recollect that we are travelling to see sights, and some cannot be seen except on Sunday—so, "Topsy" like, we "'fess" to our wickedness.

Soon after breakfast, a party of gentlemen left for the chicken fight. I could not go, as it is a *gentlemanly* entertainment. The gentlemen were an hour on the fighting ground, and reported strange doings on their return. They say that the betting and enthusiasm were tremendous. They saw four battles won, the victory being gained when the opponent was killed. After the chickens left the ring, the *geese*—beg pardon, the *men*—jumped over the railing into the pit, gathering in groups to exchange their money. My friends thought that at least twenty thousand dollars changed hands in the hour they were there; and this was only one of many cock fights over the city. One fact to be noticed among them, was the entire fairness in regard to the bets—no one backing out or quarrelling, but paying up fairly. Query—Could that be said of as many Yankees, collected together for the same purpose?

Yesterday is memorable for one thing—our friends invited us to dine with them, and, for the first time since we arrived on the island, we were thoroughly satisfied in the way of dinner. We had seven courses. Among other things, we had a home-looking roast turkey, and it proved good, too—not like one I had a day or two previous, when a piece brought to me was hidden among the filling of onions, prunes, olives, &c., &c. We also had eatable butter for the first time.

This letter is growing so lengthy, that I must rest on the memory of this dinner for another week—only telling you how the sitting so long at table prevented our getting to the bull fight till it was almost over. Yours truly, A.

Shall I, sinking in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Blooming cheek and soft dark eye—
If they smile not, pass them by!
If they be not fair to me,
What care I how fair they be.
—Lovelace.

☞ ATROCIOUS.—As one of the clergy was this morning walking along ——— Street with a friend, he slipped and measured his length on the sidewalk. As his companion extended a helping hand, he could not forbear accompanying it with the remark: "I have hitherto supposed you were a member of the *clerical* fraternity, but *now* I see you are only a *lay* brother!"

☞ A SENSIBLE KING.—It is related that a lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. "Your Majesty," said she, "my husband treats me badly." "That is none of my business," replied the King. "But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. "That," replied he, "is none of your business."

NEWS ITEMS.

AMUSING.—We see it stated that the quarrel between Messrs. Yates and Thackeray is likely to become a general quarrel between the admirers of Mr. Dickens's works and those of Mr. Thackeray's. Mr. Dickens, it will be remembered, opposed the motion to expel Mr. Yates from the Club.

A NOVEL SCHEME.—The Washington Republic says a petition to Congress is in circulation here, in the name of "free colored persons residing in the District of Columbia," praying for the establishment of a colony of their class, "upon some sparsely settled southern portion of our own continent, where they may be under the protection of the government of their native country, and have its fostering care," &c.

A DEPUTATION from Bordeaux has been permitted to present an address to the French Emperor, proposing the formation of a canal from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, through which French ships may go from the western to the southern coast of France without passing through the straits of Gibraltar.

THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, ultra Unitarian, recently resigned his charge in consequence of enfeebled health. His church voted to disband. Since, however, they have reconsidered that action and called Ralph Waldo Emerson to the pastorate.

GOING ON A SPREE.—The western papers say that the Legislature of Indiana in a body have invited the Legislature of Ohio to visit them at Indianapolis during the present session, and it is understood the invitation will be accepted and the compliment returned. The rise of whiskey is said to have no connection with the above—as it will more probably result in putting that article down.

THE famous yacht America, which has been allowed to go to decay in the mud at Portsmouth, England, is being rebuilt, piece by piece, in order faithfully to preserve her shape. The English shipwrights say she was built of poor stuff, and never half fastened together.

A NEW STYLE OF DEADHEADING.—The Boston (Mass.) Ledger states that a conductor upon the Eastern Railroad, a day or two since, discovered, when the train arrived at Newburyport, a young man under a lady's hoops. It appeared that he had attempted to deadhead it in that way, and had succeeded so far as to ride all the way from Portland to Newburyport under the cover of the voluminous crinoline of his lady friend.

A CHALLENGE to skate was given by Miss ———, of Salem, a Di Vernon young lady, who saucily gave out that if any of the male gender could catch her she would forfeit a kiss. The Boston Herald says that an athletic negro, hearing of the challenge, gave chase, and soon his arm encircled her waist. Her brother, however, averted the impending smack by presenting the fellow with a $5 bill, telling him to "slide." The African started on a "bender" with the funds, remarking audibly that he "wouldn't give $5 to kiss any white gal libin."

THE news from Utah shows a lamentable state of affairs existing there. The United States authorities seem to be almost powerless, so far as carrying out the law is concerned. While the "Saints" do not array themselves in open hostility to the Federal officers, a series of petty annoyances is indulged in that renders the positions of Judges Sinclair and Cradlebaugh anything but pleasant. The Judges will probably resign.

AMONG the presents made by Louis Napoleon to the Empress on New Year's Day, was the discovery to her Majesty that her chamber opened into an apartment—a toudoir—undreamed of in sleep, and unimagined in previous waking. A door, which the night previous was no door, stood wide open. The new apartment, the wondering Empress at length observed, was real; Saracenic in splendor; a "tocador," imitated from the famous toilet chamber of Arab sultans in the Alhambra; equipped with every conceivable and inconceivable toy and trinket of modern device.

THE GIRLS OF '78.—The following has been rescued from a newspaper published at the time of the Revolution:

"The following droll affair lately happened at Kinderhook, New York. A young fellow, an enemy to the liberties of America, going to a quilting frolic, where a number of young women were collected, and the only man in company, began his aspersions on Congress, as usual, and held forth some time on the subject, till the girls exasperated at his impudence, laid hold of him, stripped him naked to the waist, and instead of tar, covered him with molasses, and for feathers took the downy tops of flags which grow in the meadows, and coated him well, and then let him go. He has prosecuted every one of them, and the matter has been tried before Justice Schoonmaker. We have not as yet heard his worship's judgment. It is said Parson Buel's daughter is concerned in the affair."

THERE are abundant rumors afloat to the effect that the President is likely to lead to the hymenial altar an accomplished and inestimable widow lady of Georgia. Perhaps this accounts for the especial care and elegance of our bachelor President's dress. It is matter of frequent remark that Mr. Buchanan, in his handsome brown frock coat, white vest and cravat, and patent-leather pumps, is one of the most elegantly-dressed young men in the capital.—*N. Y. Times.*

JOSEPH ROWNTREE, a Quaker merchant, has been elected Lord Mayor of Leeds, England; but eschewing from principle such titles as "My Lord," and such pomps and vanities as the gold chain, sword and mace, he declines the office, and gives his check for $500, the forfeit of a refusal to accept.

AT a soiree given at Count de Kisseleff's, in Paris, a new Polish waltz was introduced, in which each gentleman holds a glass filled with champagne, and the grand point is to go round the room without spilling the wine. Some young Russians displayed great address in performing this difficult feat.

A RUMOR is afloat in Washington of a marriage soon to take place there in fashionable life. It is said that the Hon. George Eustis, the eloquent and accomplished gentleman from Louisiana, is to marry the rich heiress, Miss Corcoran. We suppose this is the lady who figured in the Spanish Attaché affair.

AT the first of the Imperial balls in Paris which usually fixes the fashions for the Winter, it was remarked that the circumference of the ladies' toilettes had not diminished; if there was any change since last Winter it was on the side of augmentation. It was also remarked that there was a greater profusion of precious stones, especially of rubies, which seem to be coming into fashion again.

THE Dublin Nation states that William Smith O'Brien is about to visit the United States, and that he will sail from Galway within a short time. Mr. O'Brien purposes to travel through the Union.

THE YACHT WANDERER.—On Thursday evening, at the quarterly meeting of the New York Yacht Club, W. C. Corrie, proprietor of the yacht Wanderer, recently engaged in landing slaves in Georgia, was formally expelled from the Club, and the name of the yacht erased from the Club list.

DICKENS lately read his Christmas Carol at Hastings, England, when, at the close of the reading, a close fisted old miser was so much affected, that he at once gave £2,000, to be divided among the charitable institutions of the town.

VETOED.—The Governor of Michigan has vetoed the bill giving a woman 640 acres of land for adding four to the population at one time.

GEN. WILLIAM WALKER, of filibuster memory, has been admitted as a member of the Catholic church. The ceremony took place in the cathedral at Mobile. He was reared after the straightest sect a Presbyterian, and prepared himself for the services of the pulpit in that denomination.

leader of the pursuers, "you might as well chase the 'Flying Dutchman.' That beast of his goes like a swallow. Halt!"

The party waited in the road until the vanguard came up, and made their report to Cornwallis.

"Push on! Push on!" said the general; "he will give notice of our approach; we must reach them before they have time to form;" and the army moved on at a quickened pace.

I left Washington hesitating what to do, conscious of danger, yet not knowing where to look for it, nor having any suspicion that it was so near, when the bay mare dashed up to the lines, and her rider breathless and flushed, demanded to be led to Washington.

"Who are you, and what do you want with the commander, old gentleman?" said the officer to whom he addressed himself.

"I am a friend, and my business is with him, and nobody else; will you show me where he is?"

"I don't know," said the officer, "there are a good many tories about here, and you may be one for all I know."

"What would I want with the General in the middle of his army if I were a tory?" exclaimed the other impatiently. "Will you take me to him or not? I have news that may save the battle, and you shall answer for it if you stop me."

"Very well, pass in; here, Johnson, take him to the general."

Washington was standing with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bowed forward in deep thought, when the two men reached him.

"A man with news from above, your Excellency," said the soldier, advancing with his cap in hand.

"Well, friend, what news do you bring? Be quick and short."

"Move, or you'll be surrounded!" was the pithy answer. "The British are coming down this bank of the creek, and—"

"Impossible!" replied the General, "I have just received information that they are coming *down* the other bank."

"It's not so. You're mistaken, General, my life for it, you're mistaken. They fired at me at less than a hundred yards, and shot away my hat; that was on the top of Osborne's Hill, about a mile north of Birmingham Meeting-House. I had no idea I was near them 'till I rose the hill and saw the meadows beyond full of soldiers, and found myself so close to the advance guard that I could see the buttons on their coats. They chased me, and if it hadn't been for my mare's light heels I shouldn't have been here with the news."

"But you are a stranger to me," said Washington, "and I have just received intelligence which contradicts yours, sent by my own officers who are on the lookout. Who are you, sir? Are you deceiving me? You are playing with your life if you are."

"I have pledged my life already for the truth of my story; as for who I am, my name is Chandler," said the Squire, calmly, for he it was: and then, perceiving that Washington still hesitated, exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, as he stamped his foot with impatience, "it's true, General, by heaven, it's so! Put me under guard till you find my story true. See! here's the road," he continued, stooping down and making a draft of it in the sand, with his forefinger.

"Enough, sir," said Washington, "I will trust your report. Place him under guard," he added, turning to the soldier who had accompanied him, "but let him be well treated."

"Stay," he continued, as the two men were moving off, "you must have passed near General Sullivan's division if you came down from Jefferis's Ford; did you give him warning, sir?"

"Yes, I told him what I have told you, and begged him to send you word at once."

"Well?"

"He cursed me for a meddling fool, and threatened to put me under arrest; the next hour will show which of us is the fool," said the squire, bitterly.

"General Sullivan is hasty," said Washington, after standing silent with compressed lips for a moment; "*I* believe your report, sir, and will act upon it immediately."

So saying, he dispatched orders to Sullivan to push forward with all speed, with the brigades under his command, to Birmingham Meeting House, which had for some days been occupied as a hospital for those who had been wounded in the various skirmishes which had taken place during the march from the head of Elk.

The commander remained with Greene's division, within the lines of which the conversation just related had taken place, holding it as a reserve, in case aid should be needed either by Sullivan at the meeting house, or Wayne, who was guarding the ford below.

There is no need that I should go on to describe the battle. Its main features and sad result are but too well known. How General Deborre, in violation of Sullivan's orders, took the right of the American line; how Sullivan made a wide circuit to outreach him, and so was late on the field, bringing up his men in confusion, or at least unformed, to meet a furious attack by the enemy's columns: how the Americans fought desperately, contesting every foot of ground from the Street road to the grave yard wall at the meeting house, and how the right wing, under Deborre, gave way at about half-past four in the afternoon, sending confusion along the line, which continued to break away from the right, until the whole were in disorderly retreat.

When the firing became general at Birmingham, Washington became anxious to reach the spot as speedily as possible. Not being acquainted with the country, he asked if any one could be found to guide him.

Now it happened, the battle having made a general holiday among the non-combatants of the neighborhood, that an old Friend, by name Joseph Brown, had been seduced by a spirit of misguided curiosity to come out and see the "sogers." Joseph had no objection whatever to see all that was to be seen, and accordingly was standing within a few feet of Washington and his staff, surveying them as coolly as if they had been placed there for exhibition; but he had not the slightest idea of becoming an object of attention himself, and was somewhat astonished, not to say dismayed, when an officer turned to him and informed him that the General wanted a guide to Birmingham Meeting House, and asked, at the same time, if he knew the straight route across the country.

Yes, he did.

"Then," was the answer, "you must guide us to it at once."

"But, friend, I'm a non-combatant; I don't exactly see my way clear to guide people to fight."

"Neither do we see our way exactly clear—we want you to show it to us."

"I'm an old man," said Joseph, "and not fit for such work; thee must excuse me."

"We have no time for ceremony," said another aid, leaping from his horse; "you can ride, I suppose, old gentleman? Mount my horse!"

"Well, I ain't much of a rider; I never was fond of horseback, and I don't think I could stick on that rampagious critter of thine a minute," answered Joseph, looking rather nervously at the powerful stallion which was pawing and rearing in front of him.

"You'll have some practice to-day, then," said the officer; "mount at once, and lead us, or I'll run you through!"

Thus adjured, the old man mounted, with the officer's assistance, turned the horse's head in the right direction, and led off at speed, Washington and his staff following close at his heels.

Away they went across the fields, whisking over fences and ditches, to the utter horror of the staid old farmer, who had never before passed a fence on horseback, except in the orthodox way—dismounting and letting down the bars, and then putting them up after him before remounting.

Thus they swept along, Joseph a little in advance, but with the head of the General's horse close at his flank.

The General rode in silence, excepting now and then an exclamation, "A little faster, old man, a little faster!" when Joseph thought they were already going as fast as could reasonably be expected of any created legs. But Washington still spurred, and the fiery charger which Joseph bestrode, hearing the steps following him, sprang forward with increased speed, until the party were going like a hurricane; and ever and anon rang in the Quaker's ear from the deep voice behind him, "Push along, old man, a little faster!" until they reached the road between Dilworthstown and Birmingham, where the bullets began to "sping" past them in such numbers, that Joseph, finding that Washington paid no more attention to him, quietly stopped his horse, dismounted, and made the best of his way out of the line of fire.

Squire Chandler had followed with the General's staff to the point where Joseph took his departure. His mare had been restored to him when they started, and he now stood for a moment irresolute, not knowing exactly whether he was at liberty to leave his guard. As Washington turned to speak to the aid who had supplied Joseph Brown with a horse, and who, in his turn, was mounted on the horse of a trooper, his eye fell upon the bare head and swarthy visage of the Squire.

"I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Chandler, for your information; we are defeated, I fear, but you have saved the army from utter destruction. You are at liberty to leave, if you prefer, though perhaps it would be safer for you to remain within the lines."

"I have a young friend somewhere on the ground," answered the Squire, "and if I am free to go, I would like to look for him."

The commander bowed his head in acquiescence, and rode at full speed towards the meeting house, followed by his staff.

The Squire kept near them until they came in sight of the meeting house and of the graveyard wall, from behind which a sharp, irregular fire was kept up upon the British cavalry who had repeatedly charged it, and had as often been driven back. Riding up to the wall, he scanned the crouching figures as well as he could through the smoke, but could not distinguish any one that looked like Roney Baldwin, the object of his search.

He had parted from him about half-an-hour before he was surprised by the advance guard of the British, near Jefferis's Ford; they had left home together in the morning, and had ridden along peaceably enough until the firing began. At the roll of the first volley, Roney's eyes lighted up with the clear, sparkling light which was their characteristic whenever he was excited. He straightened himself in the saddle, and his hand tightened on the rein, and worked the bit nervously in his horse's mouth; his face flushed and paled again as the blood danced and tingled through his veins, and every muscle quivered with excitement powerfully kept down.

At last he exclaimed hurriedly,

"I can't stand this any longer, Squire; I *must* have a hand in the game."

"But you are not armed, Roney; what good can you do?"

"I have my pistol," said Roney, "and it will go hard if I can't get hold of a sword somewhere."

Without waiting for an answer, he slackened the rein, touched Freckles with the spur, and the spirited horse, which had been fully as much excited as his master—born fighters, both of them—bounded off over ditch, and hedge, and fence, skimming across the fields like a swallow, in the direction of the now incessant rolling of musketry and cannon, until he was out of sight.

The Squire who had stood watching him until he disappeared, turned his horse's head and rode rapidly towards the Brandywine, with a grave and anxious face, until he met the British as before described.

He now rode over the battle-field, screening himself from the flying bullets where he could, or spurring rapidly from point to point across exposed spaces, but still seeing nothing of Roney.

Once, as a column of Lee's dragoons swept past him in a charge, he caught a glimpse of the face of his son Richard, through the dust and smoke: but the column went by at full speed, and the young soldier's eyes were bent eagerly forward, gleaming with "the light of battle," and seeing nothing but the red flashes that played through the smoke from the British line.

The Squire rode on across the fields towards the Dilworthstown Road, on which, about a mile below the meeting-house, General Greene was stationed in command of the reserve, where he at last found Roney, who, when he left him, had made his way towards Chad's Ford, intending to serve, for the day, as a volunteer in the brigade of Mad Anthony, where he thought he would be likely to have his fill of fighting. Before he reached the ford, however, he came plump upon Green's division, which had just been put in motion towards the point which it now occupied, and seeing a good many faces he knew among the men, he at once asked permission to join them, which was immediately granted.

The whole division was now standing in battle order, sternly waiting the result of the struggle that was going on around and north of the meeting-house.

That result was soon lamentably apparent. The troops occupied a narrow defile, flanked on both sides by woods, and commanding the road; which was soon crowded by fragments of the American army that came pouring confusedly along it. As party after party reached the spot, they were stopped and formed in good order in the rear of the reserve, and favored by the advantageous position which had been taken, succeeded by dint of hard fighting in maintaining their ground until nearly night.

The check given to the enemy restored the courage of the troops, and they were anxious to continue the battle; but Washington, who had followed them, saw that it would be useless, and gave orders for a general retreat.

The generals remonstrated. The men were full of fire, and demanding to be led on again, they said, "Let us fight, your Excellency; let us try them again. The day is not lost."

"Gentlemen, the day *is* lost;" said Washington; "it would be madness to attempt to renew the battle; night is coming on; you must obey my orders; our only resource is to retreat as soon as it is dark. The enemy would cut us off to a man."

General Greene was chafing with rage and disappointment, and inquired sharply,

"How far are we to retreat, sir?"

"Over every hill, and across every river in America, if I order you;" answered Washington, with a grave, calm sternness that at once silenced every murmur of remonstrance.

Roney and the Squire had ridden side by side at first, but soon became separated in the hurly-burly of the fight, and in the manœuvering to form the broken squadrons in the rear of the reserve. The latter had confined himself principally to self-defence, while Roney, who had provided himself with the sword of a fallen trooper, and had shifted the saddle and holsters of a riderless horse to the back of Freckles, had dashed from point to point wherever the fight was thickest and fiercest, until his reckless daring, made more conspicuous by his plain farmer's dress, had repeatedly placed him in imminent peril, by drawing upon him the fire of a whole platoon at once, cutting his clothes in various places, but doing no other damage.

But it was all in vain. The battle was lost, and nothing was left but to retreat; and, as the night came down upon the field, the shattered fragments of the patriot army filed down the Wilmington Road on their way to Chester, where Washington had given orders to rendezvous.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

It was with doubt and trembling,
I whispered in her ear:
Oh! take her answer, bonny bird,
That all the world may hear!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
Upon the way-side tree,
How fair she is, how true she is,
And how she loveth me!

Sing it—sing it, Silver-throat,
And, all the summer long,
The other birds shall envy you,
For knowing such a song.

T. B. ALDRICH.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LAW.—A lady was coming out of the opera house, when a thief snatched at her diamond ear-ring, and tore it completely from her ear, causing it to bleed. Upon her return home, she found the ring lying in the tresses of her hair. The man was tried for stealing this ring, and being found guilty by the jury, the opinion of the judges was taken whether this could be considered a sufficient *taking*; the opinion of the judges was afterwards delivered, in which they held that, as the ring had been entirely removed from the lady's ear, and was wholly in the possession of the prisoner, although but for an instant of time, when he lost it in her hair, the *taking* was complete. So, where a thief led a horse from one part of a field to another, intending to steal it, but was apprehended before he could get the horse out of the field, it was decided the taking was complete. In all these cases you will have noticed the principle upon which they were decided is that the property must be completely severed from the possession of the owner, and entirely within the possession of the taker, no matter, in each case, for how short a period of time. Two or three cases showing what is not a sufficient taking, and we will then proceed to consider another branch of the subject. One Wilkinson put his hand into the pocket of another, seized his purse, and actually succeeded in taking it out of his pocket. However, the purse being tied by a piece of string to a bunch of keys which still remained in the person's pocket, the thief was unable to complete his object, and was arrested and tried for stealing the purse; but it was held that as the purse was still attached to the pocket of the owner by the string and keys, it was still in his possession, and the prisoner was entitled to be acquitted. So, where a thief went into a shop, took up some goods intending to steal them, but before he had removed them far from the spot on which they lay, discovered they were tied to the counter by a cord: upon being tried for stealing, it was held that the property never was either completely severed from the possession of the owner, nor completely in the possession of the prisoner, and he was acquitted.—*W. C. Sleigh's Hand-Book of Criminal Law.*

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

I remarked in my last sketch that we found our Consul-General speaking of making a third visit to Yeddo when we visited him at Simoda. He had, during the past year, succeeded in drawing up a very advantageous treaty, which was to have been signed a month later had we not arrived. He, however, took advantage of our steamer to approach Yeddo by water, and have it all settled sooner if possible. The Commodore readily came into his views, and the morning of the 27th of July, 1858, consequently saw us steaming up towards the capacious bay of Yeddo. We had on board not only Messrs. Harris and Heurkens, but also the Vice Governor of Simoda and suite, and every one was elated at the idea of "visiting Yeddo." We little knew that Mr. Harris had already determined to anchor seventeen miles this side of it, and that the officers of the English, French, and Russian squadrons were all destined to walk through its streets before us—the first comers.

Now here was a strange sight! at any rate one that was witnessed for the first time—an American steamer-of-war approaching the sacred environs of Yeddo at full speed, and having on board several of the government officials to give countenance to the proceeding. As usual we got along very pleasantly with these officials; or rather, I should say, they got along very pleasantly with our punches and sweet wines. The consequence of this was that they soon became jocose and demonstrative, and talkative, as well as friendly.

"Of course we should go to Yeddo!" "There was not so much to prevent it, after all," &c., &c. "Japan was now to be opened to the world," &c., &c. This all sounded very fine, and their subsequent conduct, indeed, when a number of government boats attempted to stop us, was in keeping with it; but unfortunately, as the effects of the wine passed off, they relapsed into their cautious manner, and assumed a most mysterious air when Yeddo was mentioned.

In entering the magnificent bay up which we were now bound, we kept well in with the left hand (western) shore, and found bold, high headlands, and good water. We were also close enough in to examine objects quite well with our glasses, and were surprised at the number of settlements, at the height of the cultivation, at the apparent density of the population, at the number of junks cruising in all directions, and at the extensive fortifications which frowned down from the heights along which we steamed. We were so fortunate as to have with us Lieut. A. A. S., an officer who had passed over the same ground in 1844, when Commodore Biddle visited Japan in the U. S. line-of-battle ship Columbus. Pointing to the numerous evidences of a dense population which existed all along the shore, he remarked,

"When we sailed along here in the Columbus, we saw nothing of all this. They must have taken measures to screen things from view. The whole coast line then had the appearance of desolation and solitude, and they must have even taken the trouble to drive all these coasting junks out of sight, too, for we saw only one or two in the distance. It doesn't look like the same place at all now."

"Let us ask our friend, 'the major'!" remarked a messmate. But "the major" (so called from the fact of his being the most soldier-like one of the Vice-Governor's suite,) was either unable or unwilling to communicate, and so we became none the wiser.

As we continued ascending the bay under full steam, the custom-house boats (water police) of the different cities and settlements along which we passed, threw themselves in our path, shouted most furiously, waved their fans incessantly, stamped their feet most energetically, and in short did everything in their power to get us to stop. They also took great care, however, to keep well clear of our wheels, gazing with wonder and surprise at their countrymen who crowded the hurricane deck, and who returned their waving of fans, shouting at the same time,

"America! Kanagawa!" as we dashed by at the rate of ten knots the hour. This expression we understood to mean that we were Americans bound to Kanagawa: and as the latter was situated seventeen miles seaward of Yeddo, we began to fear that we should not reach that place after all. And here I may as well remark that our fears proved well founded, Mr. Harris doubtless having a good reason for not wishing to *force* ourselves ahead in opposition to their wishes.

We found the land getting much lower, and the water shoaling in the same ratio, as we neared Kanagawa, and when we finally anchored, it was almost in the centre of the secondary bay of Yokahama, upon one shore of which is situated the city of the same name, and upon the other that of Kanagawa. This latter will doubtless be remembered as the spot where Commodore M. C. Perry made his "Treaty of Kanagawa," some three or four years since.

We had no sooner let go our anchor than "the major" lifted himself above his fellow men by climbing into the rigging, and thence shouted and gesticulated to a distant boat, which at once commenced nearing us, though not without great apparent doubt. Recognizing soon, however, the uniform of our military friend, they pulled boldly alongside, and he had soon transferred himself to her, and was being pulled toward the shore. At the end of thirty-six hours, he returned with the following information:

"I have been to Yeddo. I walked there and back! I gave Mr. Harris's letter to his old friend, the Prince of Sinano. I saw the Emperor, and some time between this and to-morrow morning a Japanese steamer will arrive from Yeddo, having on board the Princes of Cinano and Higo—Cinano-no kami, and Higo-no-kami. "No" means of, and "kami," prince or nobleman. Thus, when you hear the name of any high personage, it generally ends with the two words, "no-kami," prince of—and they will come empowered to treat with Mr. Harris and to sign the treaty."

"A Japanese steamer would arrive from Yeddo!" This was a [illegible] asserted assertion, and we waited with great curiosity to see what sort of an animal a *Japanese steamer* was going to be. The next morning we were awakened by the noise of escaping steam, and upon ascending to the spar-deck, discovered a very fair looking side-wheel steamer, with a white flag (in the centre of which was a red sun) at her peak, anchored about a cable's length on our beam. We subsequently learned that her name was an elbow-like word, which when translated into English reads, "The Flying Sea Horse," that she had been presented to the Emperor by the King of Holland, and that she was now managed and worked entirely by Japanese sailors and engineers, who had been educated by the Dutch at Nagasakie. We also went on board of her during the day, when we found everything *very clean*, and in quite fair fighting order. She would undoubtedly have then been a match for a Spanish or Portuguese vessel of war of her own weight of metal.

After breakfast, the grand reception took place. The two commissioners came alongside in state, were received with salutes, &c., and conducted into the cabin. There the treaty was fully reviewed with closed doors; after which the latter were opened to admit a quantity of cold viands, wines, &c., &c., which shortly had ample justice done them by a mixed crowd of thirty or forty Japanese and Americans. That evening the treaty was signed by Mr. Harris, on the part of the United States, and by the two Princes on the part of the Emperor, immediately after which the American and Japanese flags were hoisted side by side at the fore, and a salute of twenty-one guns fired. There was one clause in this treaty which we all condemned as illiberal until we learned the reason for its insertion, and I will therefore give that reason here, more to protect Mr. Harris than anything else. The clause provided that "no treaty should be signed with any other nation, until thirty days had elapsed after the signing of ours." And the reason for its insertion was as follows: While Mr. Harris was at Yeddo doing his utmost to argue the Council into consenting to several disputed points of the embryo treaty, Mr. Donker Curtious, the Dutch Commissioner from Nagasakie, appeared suddenly upon the scene of action, for the purpose of obtaining a treaty also for his Government. Easily satisfied, and naturally anxious to get the first treaty, this gentleman made the following proposal to the Princes:—

"I will consent to accept the American treaty just as it is, *leaving out entirely those points upon which Mr. Harris is insisting.*"

An excessively sly offer on the part of Mr. Donker, but one which was rendered of no effect by Cinano-no-kami, who from motives of personal friendship for Mr. Harris, immediately informed him of it. Then it was that, at the very first meeting of the Council, he got them to engage "not to sign a treaty with any other nation until thirty days after his."

This treaty will doubtless, be published in the United States before, or as soon as, this article, and I will therefore confine myself to mentioning a few of its most prominent provisions. It tells us, among other things, that the cross of our faith shall no more be trampled upon by the Japanese. That Christians shall in future be allowed to settle in Japan, and to build churches in which to worship their God. That several more ports are to be thrown open to American trade and settlement. That our money is to be raised to its true value as compared with theirs. That the representative of our country (Mr. Harris at present) shall have permission to reside at Yeddo with his family, and that a Japanese minister shall be sent to the United States. The time, however, of this latter event is not specified, but it is understood to be as soon as an American steamer can be provided to take him over, the Japanese steamer being yet too inexperienced to risk so long a voyage. Altogether, we look upon this treaty as the most *complete* ever made with Japan; and since it has been signed, the English, French, Russians and Dutch have all used it as the groundwork of theirs. Certainly a very high compliment to our very able representative, Mr. Townsend Harris.

Shortly after our twenty-one guns had ceased reverberating, the "Flying Sea Horse" got up her anchor and steamed away toward Yeddo, while we did the same, with our head pointed back for Simoda. This time we made a longer stay in that port, during which I encountered some old acquaintances of my last cruise, one of whom showed me a most unmistakable drawing of the steamer in which I had then sailed—the renowned "old John." We remained in and about Japan for three or four months, during which time we made several excursions into the country, being always received with politeness and attention. Finally we left them and returned to Hong-Kong, via Shanghae, on the 11th of November, 1858. It is now the 28th, and we shall soon be underway once more—probably to anchor again after a few hours steaming, near Canton. Should this surmise prove correct, I shall try to show the reader, in my next article, "what there is left of that vast city by war, pestilence, and famine."

THE UNABASHED COLONEL.—Father Moody was an eccentric man. He had in his congregation a Colonel Ingraham, a wealthy farmer, who had kept back his large stock of corn from the market in hope of raising the price. The pastor heard of it and resolved to make a public attack upon the transgressor. One Sabbath, he read for his text, "He that withholdeth his corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." Prov. xv.: 25. Colonel Ingraham could not but know to whom reference was made, but he held up his head and faced the pastor with a look of stolid unconsciousness. Father Moody went on with very strong remarks, became still warmer, and touched the Colonel still more closely, who, however, still held up his head, apparently determined not to feel. At last, the preacher lost all patience, and cried out:—"*Colonel Ingraham, you know that I mean you! why don't you hang your head?*"

☞ Habit in a child is at first like a spider's web; neglected, it becomes a thread or twine; next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable; then who can break it?

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

There is no man so full of pride,
And none so intimate with shame,
And none to manhood so denied,
As not to mend if women blame.
Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapened paradise;
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine.
—*Coventry Patmore.*

THE PRINCE'S PRESENT.

The Paris correspondent of the Express tells the following as the last Parisian story:

Prince K——— is a good-natured, easy-tempered Russian boyard, as rich as Crœsus, and known by sight to *every* lounger on the Boulevart des Italiens, between the fashionable hours of three and five in the afternoon. Our Russian lives in Paris, because it is the place of all others in the world where idle people can amuse themselves, kill time and spend money. Prince K——— is also perfectly disposed to follow Parisian tastes; and, as one of these is to be in love with some peculiar actress, the wealthy Muscovite dropped in one night in December at the Variétés, where they were then playing a fairy drama, and quietly singled out the prettiest of the fairies as the object of his adoration. The lady did not oppose very violently the attentions of so advantageous an admirer; and matters were going along breezily between Pintus and Thalia, when New Year came. The Prince naturally considered this a favorable occasion to testify delicately his high appreciation of the fair one's shining qualities, and sent her a trifling present, accompanied by his card. The gift was an elegant little rose-wood box, of which the key was enclosed in a letter, containing also a few lines in the Prince's own handwriting. The lady hastily opened the letter, never read a syllable of its contents, seized the key and unlocked the box. What did she find? Nothing in the world but a number of *papillottes*, or "secrets," as we call them, made of chocolate. (Chocolate is at a discount in Paris just now.) Disappointed and enraged, she pitched the whole concern—box, letter and all—out at the window, whence they fell upon the roof of a shed in the yard beneath, where all lodged, with the exception of one bit of paper candy, which rolled off the shed into a corner of the yard. Then the fair one threw herself upon the sofa, in a frame of mind easier to be imagined than described.

This happened in the morning. The same evening, the enamored Prince presented himself below, and sent up his card. For a moment, the still furious damsel was inclined to entrust the servant with a curt message to her admirer, and let the affair pass thus. But upon second thoughts, determining to administer the rebuke personally, the unfortunate and unsuspecting Lothario was invited to walk up stairs. He was received with a scowl of which he had hitherto supposed the "fairy" utterly incapable. Then came a torrent of sarcasm, for which he was still less prepared. What could be the meaning of this extraordinary and discouraging reception? As soon as the flow of the lady's indignation would permit, the mystified Russian demanded an explanation; and after persisting, for half an hour or more, in repeating the same question, finally obtained an intelligible reply.

"Do you know, madam," said he, quietly, "how many there were of these frightful papillottes?"

"Have *you*, sir, the presumption to suppose," retorted the lady, "that I gave myself the trouble to count your paltry bits of chocolate?"

"It would have been as well, however, to have done so, before throwing them out at the window!"

"And why, pray?" (A sneer.)

"Because there were thirty of them."

"Which cost thirty sous, altogether, I suppose?" (Another sneer.)

"You would have found, upon very slight examination," continued the Russian, still more tranquilly, "that the thirty bits of chocolate were wrapped in thirty notes of a thousand francs each!"

The lady at last understood—and fainted a little. The boyard readily brought her to by holding his pocket-book under her nose. The bell was rung instantly—a servant sent below, who, by the aid of a ladder, mounted upon the roof where the despised papillottes had fallen. They were all found, with the exception of the one which had rolled off; and that, too, after some farther search, was finally discovered. The porter's dog had turned it over with his nose, found out its chocolative character, and disdained to swallow it. Sensible brute! Had the thing been made of simple sugar, the mouthful would have cost a thousand francs.

AFFECTION OF DOGS FOR THEIR MASTERS.—Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America during the war of the Colonies. Throughout his absence the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leapt upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favorite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress after a long absence.—*Anecdotes of Dogs. By Edward Jesse.*

☞ TEARS AND LAUGHTER.—God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes: for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

☞ A good thought is a great boon for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us.

I'LL BE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"I'll be beautiful!" she said,
  Softly a quaint old love-song singing.
Arching and nodding her pretty head,
Oh! she was so daintily bred!
  Golden curls to her fair brow clinging,
  Voice so bird-like, so clear and ringing!
  Lips so dewy and red.

"I'll be beautiful!" she sung;
  "Ruling my lovers with smiles and sighs,
They shall say that jewels drop from my tongue,
That of all the maidens I danced among
  None have such eloquent eyes;
I care not to be either witty or wise—
  From such tears are wrung."

"And I will be beautiful!" said May,
  Lifting her soft blue eyes to heaven;
"Dear Lord Jesus, thou art the way!
I will be gentle in all I say,
  And pardon as I would be forgiven:
I'll strive to be purer, day by day,
  And in thy strength—pray.

"I will be beautiful—in my heart!
  Roses and lilies are fair, but fading;
A chastened spirit is better than art
  To give young faces sweet tint and shading.
These for my beauty—a voice whose tone
  Shall be to the sad like a song;
An eye as ready to sparkle alone
  As when in the brilliant throng;
A smile as bright for the household few
  As the many in courtly hall;
For a smile, if 'tis happy, is always new;
  And a low voice pleaseth all.
What matter if tresses or eye grow dull!
If the heart be holy, 'tis beautiful."

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF POLLY," &c.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Canterbury was sitting by her dressing-room fire one winter's evening in the twilight, when the chamber-door softly opened, and her sister came in.

"Olive," she exclaimed, "will you go into the drawing-room. Who do you think is there?"

"Who?" questioned Miss Canterbury, wondering what had put Millicent's face in a glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by the train. He wants to see you."

Millicent—or Leta, as they called her—sat down as she spoke, and Miss Canterbury prepared to descend.

"Are you not coming also, Leta?"

"No; I am not wanted."

"Your visit is unexpected," said Miss Canterbury, as she heartily shook hands with Mr. Kage, "but I am very glad to see you."

"My visit is to Millicent," he observed. "I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that briefs did not come in quick enough; they have taken a turn of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away, and said nothing," he answered, with a smile.

"A good sign," laughed Miss Canterbury. "I fancy you and Leta have understood each other for some time," she added. "Is it not so?"

"Tacitly, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tacitly. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Miss Canterbury's face.

"*Only* ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterburys, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a Golconda to a struggling barrister."

"*Reared* to their hundreds of thousands; yes!" retorted Miss Canterbury, with a swelling heart; "but not enjoying them."

Mrs. Dunn came to dinner; she was visiting Jane, who had married the rector, Austin Rufort. The three sisters, assembled at dinner, presented a marked contrast. Olive, lofty in mind, lofty in manner, tall and handsome; Mrs. Dunn, short and stout, and an inverate talker; and Millicent, much younger than either, quiet and graceful.

"Mr. Kage," impatiently began Mrs. Dunn, the instant the servants had withdrawn after dinner, "who gave the poison to that child, little Tom Canterbury?"

"That is a problem I cannot solve," was his reply.

"I was abroad at the time of the dreadful occurrence, and I know nothing," she proceeded; "you were on the spot. Do tell me the particulars."

"He had been dangerously ill with inflammation of the chest, but was getting better; in fact, was nearly well," said Mr. Kage, "and his mother, Mrs. Dawkes, determined to take him to the Rock for change of air. That same morning, the one they ought to have started, he was found dead in his bed."

"And had died from a dose of opium. But now, who gave it him?"

"The facts were shrouded in mystery," continued Mr. Kage, "and the coroner's jury returned an open verdict. The nurse was perfectly trustworthy, and the child had not been out of her sight the whole of the previous day. She undressed him, gave him his regular medicine, and put him into his bed by the side of her own. She heard nothing of him in the night, and in the morning, when she came to take him up, he was dead."

"What was that medicine?" suspiciously asked Mrs. Dunn.

"Harmless, proper medicine, as was proved at the inquest. He had been taking a dessert-spoonful three times a day."

"Some one must have got into the bed-room and administered the poison, that's clear," said Mrs. Dunn. "The nurse, Judith, was trustworthy; I'll give her that due. She was one of the housemaids at the Rock, before we left it, or my father had made a simpleton of himself by marrying that flighty child, Caroline Kage. When the changes came, and the new baby was born, Judith became its nurse. Yes, she was to be trusted, but somebody must have got into the chamber while she slept."

"No one went in," said Mr. Kage.

"Oh, ah, I know it was so asserted," contemptuously returned Mrs. Dunn, "but the boy could not have found a bottle of laudanum in his bed, uncorked ready for use, and swallowed it down. It does not stand to reason, Mr. Kage."

"Judith deposed that she never left the room after the boy was in bed, not for one second. She put up some things that would be wanted for the journey in the morning, and then went to bed herself, the door being locked, and it was so locked when she rose in the morning, no one having entered."

"Well, all I know is, that poison cannot be taken into a child's stomach, without its being put there; and you are the first person that ever I heard say it could, Mr. Kage."

He glanced at Mrs. Dunn with a spice of merriment; but for the grave subject, he might have laughed outright.

"Did I say it could?"

"Just as good—when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith, or went into the room."

"Judith never left him; that appears to be a fact," observed Miss Canterbury. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not?"

Mr. Kage nodded.

"Mrs. Dawkes has been a fine gainer," rejoined Mrs. Dunn. "Tom Canterbury's splendid fortune fell to her—"

"Hush, Lydia," interposed Miss Canterbury. "However we may have felt disposed to cast previous reflections on Mrs. Dawkes, we can but have the sincerest sympathy for her in her great misfortune. I believe she idolized the child."

"She was very fond of him," said Mr. Kage, "and her grief was pitiable to witness. She clung round me, and asked if I could not bring him back to life. I went up in the afternoon, as soon as I heard of it, and I found her almost beside herself. Major Dawkes had gone out, about some of the necessary arrangements, they said, and she was alone. She clung to me, as I tell you, in a sad state; I hardly knew what to do with her."

"She came down to the Rock, a mere skeleton, the day after the funeral," remarked Miss Canterbury. "We were shocked when we called upon her. She briefly told us the particulars, tallying with what you have now related, and said she should never overget the blow during life. I thought, as she spoke, that she little knew how time heals the worst pangs; but I fear my thoughts were too fast, for she does not recover either strength or spirits. She lives a secluded life, and her present husband's sister, Miss Dawkes, is with her."

"The major passes most of his time in London," abruptly remarked Thomas Kage.

"He passes it somewhere," replied Miss Canterbury; "he is rarely at the Rock."

"At any rate, *he* has gained by the bargain," cried the incorrigible Mrs. Dunn. "It is a magnificent fortune for him to have dropped into, all unexpectedly, through the demise of a little stepson."

"*It* is his wife who has dropped into it, not he," remarked Miss Canterbury.

"As if he did not have the fingering of it," retorted Mrs. Dunn.

"Millicent," whispered Mr. Kage, as they stood apart, after retiring to the drawing-room, "I have had no direct answer. But I am easy; for I know the signs of rejection well, and you do not wear them."

"Have you been rejected—that you know them well?"

"Once—years ago."

"By Caroline Kage," she whispered.

"Even so. I meant to tell you about it, Millicent; that I did love her. How deeply, matters not now; and has not mattered, ever since. She broke the spell too rudely."

"When she left you to marry my father; or rather, his fortune; for that was what in truth she married. But she did love you, Thomas; I saw it then: and she has loved you, or I am mistaken, since my father's death."

He knew she had. But he was strictly honorable, and that love and its knowledge would be buried within the archives of his own breast forever.

"Mr. Kage," interrupted Olive, "here is a note for you."

Mr. Kage turned, and a servant handed him a note on a salver. He wondered who could be writing to him there, and then. But when he looked at the superscription, he saw it was from Mrs. Dawkes.

"How can she have known you were here?" exclaimed Millicent.

"I saw one of the Rock servants at the station when our train arrived. He must have mentioned it to his mistress."

Mr. Kage opened the note. It contained an earnest request that he would go at once to the Rock—would return with the messenger.

With a word of apology to Miss Canterbury, Mr. Kage withdrew. Waiting for him, was Mrs. Dawkes's maid, Fry: and they proceeded to the Rock together.

"I hear your mistress is not in a good state of health," he observed.

"She's just in that state, sir, that unless a change takes place more speedier than it's possible, she will not last long."

He was deeply shocked, but he made no comment; though he could not but think there was something unreasonable in her thus grieving to death, for the loss of a fragile child.

"Is the major at the Rock?" he inquired.

"No, sir. His sister is living with us. My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she thought of sending to London for you; and she says it's nothing but a providence that has brought you down."

They approached the Rock, and when near the front entrance, Fry suddenly took a detour to the right.

"This way, please, sir."

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage. "Wherefore?"

"Missis don't want your visit to her known, sir," answered Fry, in a confidential whisper, "and I'm going to take you in by the iron postern-door, in the south wing. A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has not been used since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. It opens on a staircase, which leads right up to the rooms, and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, for his father was fond of keeping a tight hand upon him. Missis has changed her apartments, since last autumn, for those in the south wing."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he demanded, in astonishment. "To the servants?"

"To Miss Dawkes. You must not mind the dust on the stairs, sir."

It sounded mysterious, especially Fry's tone, but Mr. Kage asked no more.

Fry opened the small door spoken of, and disclosed a narrow staircase, lighted by a hand-lamp, placed on one of the stairs. He ascended, and, crossing the corridor at the top, was immediately in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

But, shocked as he had been by Fry's account of her state, far, far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small, but handsome, and she sat on a sofa near the fire; her features were white and attenuated, her cheeks and lips scarlet with inward fever, and a black circle was drawn round her wild, bright eyes. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look beyond him, "stop in the room next the baize door. If she comes to it, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry, leaving the room.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express; he thought her culpably wrong to give way to such grief. She gazed up into his face with a yearning look.

"You said, years ago, in this very house, that you would, from that time, be my brother, my true friend. I have put aside the old feelings; I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your true friend; your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up; you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor; a green baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as being unpleasantly singular, it was the manner, the tone in which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening; of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up; for that; as well as to keep her out—and him. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear had come over Thomas Kage as he listened. Was she insane?

"I know she is placed over me as a spy; I can see it, and so can Fry; but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live; and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up. She does not know of that staircase."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your mind is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if their mind would ever calm down again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your errors, Caroline; you know I always speak for your good, your welfare."

"Oh, yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of anguished remorse. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes, was not a fit husband for me—Thomas, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion; of pique against you."

"These events are past; why recall them?"

"Why *not* recall them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave; though I may have lived blindfold."

"I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin, Caroline, to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off; he is at rest; he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind, as well as in body; what distress is it?"

"I have inherited a touch of papa's complaint; you know he was thought to be consumptive. I was very ill when Tom died, and the shock of that prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are preying upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever *he* is at the Rock I am in a dreadful state of nervousness; and her being here angers me and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer; though he had dismissed the fear for her sanity.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered.

"I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard, and then bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone he could not catch the words.

"I—want—a—will—made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No. No."

"Then it is right and proper that you should. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions, and get it executed?"

"My dear, what ails you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, is for you to send for Mr. Norris, and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She—Miss Dawkes—is keeping guard over me, to see that I don't make one."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas in your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, with the immense property that you possess, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, everything goes to my husband. Money, and land, and the Rock. Everything goes to him."

"Of course; if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see, now, why he does not want me to make one; *why he will not permit me to make one;* why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one, while he is away on his own pleasures?"

"I hope not," Thomas Kage replied, gravely. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it," she vehemently broke forth. "Oh, Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline. Do not, I say, recall the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? what possessed my mother and me to incite him to it?" she cried again. "I wish it had been burnt: I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea."

"It was an unjust will, bordering, as I think, upon iniquity: but why do you call it a dangerous one? I do not understand the term, as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will."

"Do you not understand it?" she pointedly asked. "I sit here, in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things, real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that you foresaw how it might become dangerous, that day when you so earnestly warned me against suffering it to stand; when you seemed buried in visions of time to come: and when I asked what the visions were, you answered that your thoughts had gone roaming without leave."

He remembered it well: he did not choose to say so.

"We were speaking of the real, Caroline, not of the ideal," he resumed. "I am unable to comprehend your position. You are mistress of this house and of its servants: why not act as you please in it, and *be* its mistress. Send for your mother here, and—"

"My mother!" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes. "Don't you know that she is ill? She had a stroke of paralysis in the autumn, and lies in her bed childish. Little good has the money brought to her."

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied. "But to return to yourself. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is unpleasant to you, politely request her to terminate her visit. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness it is, and nothing else."

"If I only stirred in the matter, if I only said to her, Go, it would bring *him;* they are acting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The house is yours, the money is yours, and he has no legal control whatever over either."

"But there would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me: and besides," she whispered, with a shudder of horror, looking again apprehensively around, "I might be poisoned."

"Oh, Caroline!"

"Tom was, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

Was she wandering now? Mr. Kage wondered.

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to its rightful owners: I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Olive—"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice of alarm. "Neither will I inherit any of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think well yourself: I must decline all interference."

"Not advise me! What can be your motive for the refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline."

"Tell me the motive: the dwelling, else, on what it may be, will worry me for days and nights. Thomas, do tell it me."

"I am engaged to Millicent Canterbury," he replied, in a low, unwilling tone.

She looked down her clasped hands, and did not speak. But for the crimson that rushed over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear.

"Well, be it so," she said, at length. "Thomas, I am glad to hear it: or I shall be, when the first of the news has a little passed. You could not have chosen a better girl than Leta. Indeed I am glad of it: I am not so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not, advise, as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent: on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honorable as usual! You are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so—"

"What then?" he asked, for she did not continue.

"This conversation never would have taken place, and my child would be here, and I should not be dying."

What she said was too true; and he knew it.

"How can I get a will made?" she resumed.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion.

"So he might! I had not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighborhood, and I was worrying to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the postern-door. Yes, yes, Norris is honest, and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

"Leave him nothing! Nothing? Is that justice?"

"Justice and mercy too. I leave him my *silence;* and that is more mercy than he deserves. He poisoned my child."

"Hush!" rebuked Mr. Kage.

"He poisoned my child," she persisted.

"Caroline, this is an awfully grave charge."

"It is a true one. I have known it all along. I knew it when the coroner's inquest was sitting: I knew it when you all went to put him in the grave. He had a bottle of laudanum in his dressing-room, but I believe none in the house, save myself, had noticed that he had it, and lucky for him they had not. That laudanum bottle had been there for weeks, untouched, but it was missing from its place the evening before Tom died. I looked for it, and it was gone; I wanted some to put to my tooth: was it not strange that that very night, of all others, I should have looked for it; and but that night?"

Mr. Kage made no reply. He was as one lost in thought.

"I went to bed early that night, at eight o'clock, and after I was in bed, I got up to fetch the laudanum bottle from his dressing-room. It was not there. I was thunderstruck at its absence, because I knew it was always there. Soon afterwards he came in, and when he saw me he started, like a guilty man, and hurried something under his coat as he went into the dressing-room. It was the bottle: I remembered it afterwards: and the next morning it was in its place, no one but himself having gone through my room that night."

"Allowing all this—I cannot disbelieve you—how could he have administered it to the child? Judith never left him."

"He did not administer it—Judith gave the poison."

"Judith!" uttered Thomas Kage.

"Judith; but not intentionally. She believed, poor woman! when she gave him his dessert-spoonful of mixture that evening, that she was giving him his proper medicine. The mixture bottle was taken away from the nursery mantelpiece, and the laudanum bottle substituted, while Judith had brought the child down stairs to me, and the nursery was empty. Afterwards, when the evil was done, and they had gone into the night-nursery, the bottles were changed again, and he came sneaking down with the poison in his hand, little thinking I had been looking for it. I saw the next morning that some had been taken out."

"Were the bottles alike?"

"Exactly alike; green glass bottles; and about the same quantity of stuff in each, and the color of the mixture and of the laudanum tallied. The labels were not alike, and Judith cannot read writing."

"Ah!"

"'Tincture of Opium. Major Dawkes,' was on the one: 'The Mixture. Master Canterbury,' was on the other. Judith came to me in distress a few days after we arrived here, and said she must confess something that was preying upon her mind. It was, that after she had given the dessert-spoonful of mixture to the child that last evening, she was putting in the cork, when her eye fell on the words of the label, and she thought they looked different; not the same she was accustomed to see; but she had concluded it was her fancy, and put the bottle on the mantelpiece again. The next morning, when she looked, the old familiar writing seemed to be returned to the bottle. Can you wonder," added Mrs. Dawkes, in an altered tone, "that *I* have lived in fear—in nervous dread—that I dare not provoke an open rupture with him."

"Did you do well to conceal these circumstances?" inquired Mr. Kage, in a low tone.

"Had I known then—had they presented themselves to my mind at the moment of my boy's death—I should inevitably have proclaimed them to the world. But Fry was hasty with her opinion that he must have died in a fit, and I adopted it in my wild grief.—When the doctors had held their *post mortem* examination, and declared the cause of his death to be opium, then the truth flashed upon me; in a confusion of ideas at first; but, little by little, each distinct point grew, and stood out with awful clearness."

"He came down to my chambers that night, asking me to advance some of the child's money," murmured Thomas Kage.

"Oh, yes, that was a part of his cunning scheme, to divert suspicion from him; and his stopping out all night, that was another," bitterly responded Mrs. Dawkes.

"Did you ever hint at your suspicions to him?"

"Only once. I could not; my very heart sickened, revolted against it. On the day of the inquest, after it was over, he came in to condole with me—hypocrite?—and I suddenly said to him, 'That bottle of laudanum, which you keep in your dressing-room, was away from it the evening before Tom died; where was it?' He turned as white as ashes; his lips were ghastly and tremulous as they strove to say it was not away from it, so far as he knew. That look alone would be sufficient to prove his guilt. I said no more; I only gazed steadily at him, and he turned away. I could not be the first to accuse him; he had been my husband: had any one else done so, I should have said what I knew. I came down here the next day, with my dreadful secret; he comes sometimes, but we have lived an estranged life ever since; and she is here—my keeper."

Mr. Kage leaned his head upon his hand.

"Yes, I am here with my dreadful secret," she reiterated, "and he is living in a whirl of gaiety, of sin. I sometimes wonder whether it is burdensome upon him also, in the silence of the arousing night."

"A dreadful secret, indeed!" he echoed, wiping his brow. "Caroline, why did you tell it me!"

"Not for you to accuse and betray him; not to repeat again; when once this conversation is over, you can bury it in the solitude of your breast, and leave him to his conscience, and the future. But I could not go to my grave, without telling you what has sent me there."

Mr. Kage sat thinking; thinking over the chain of events from their commencement. The foolish marriage of Mr. Canterbury with this young girl; the unjust will; the dangerous clause of the fortune reverting to her, should the child die! Yes, dangerous; Mrs. Dawkes had called it by its right name; dangerous, should she marry a needy and unscrupulous second husband.

"Oh, but it was an awful temptation!" he exclaimed, aloud; "awful, awful to such a one as Dawkes. Poor man!"

"You say, 'poor man!' You pity him!"

"Not his guilty weakness in yielding to it; not his wicked sin; but I pity him for his exposure to the temptation. Better that Mr. Canterbury had left his money to his daughters, after the child; better he had left it to the county hospital."

"Did you think of this horrible contingency when you urged me, almost with a prayer, not to inherit after my child?"

"Do not recur to what I thought," he sharply cried, as if the question struck an unpleasant chord within him. "I am given to flights of fancy, and don't know what I may have thought."

Mr. Kage rose, took her hands as before, and bent over her.

"I shall come in state to the front entrance to-morrow, Caroline, and pay you a formal visit; as though we had not met since you left London."

"Since the day of my boy's funeral," she repeated. "Do so; she will be in the room all the time; there's no chance of any visitor being allowed to see me alone. Good-night—good-night; we shall not meet many times in this world."

"Caroline," he lingered to whisper, an anxious look arising to his own face, "are you prepared for the next?"

"I think of it as a rest from weary sorrow; I think of it as a loving place of pardon and peace; I wish I was better fitted for it."

"Why do you not send for Mr. Rufort?"

"She would not let him come; not to see me alone."

"She must let him; she shall let him."

"Let me get the will made first, and I shall be more at ease."

"Good-night, my dear child. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Dawkes touched a bell, and Fry came flying out of a room at the end of the corridor, one close to the new baize door. Thomas Kage saw the door as he looked that way. Fry conducted him down the dusty stairs, and out at the rusty door; and he went on his way, lost in pondering over what the night had brought forth.

Once more a stately funeral issued from the Rock. It was in May; Mrs. Dawkes had lingered longer than expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by Mr. Rufort, who, towards the last, had been much with her. A telegraphic message, sent by his sister, apprised Major Dawkes that the end was at hand, but he did not hurry himself to obey it, and arrived when the closing scene was over. Mr. Rufort put into his hands a note left by his wife; it simply gave directions for her funeral, mentioning those she wished to attend it, and desiring that the Miss Canterburys should be at the Rock the day it took place.

Major Dawkes was all suavity. Had his late wife wished that the whole parish should be there, he would cordially have invited them. The magnificent mansion, with its costly appendages, and eight or ten thousand pounds a year, was a golden nugget for Major Dawkes to have dropped into—and that there was any doubt that he had dropped into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed his mind.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline made no will," he observed to his sister, complacently rubbing his hands. "She might have been bequeathing part of the money to those Canterbury women. I shall set you comfortably up for life, Harriet."

The funeral of Mrs. Dawkes issued, we say, from the Rock. Upon its return, after leaving her in her silent home, several of the followers re-entered it. Major Dawkes a little wondered why they did so, for he supposed their business to be over, but he politely marshalled them to the library. In that room sat the four daughters of the late Mr. Canterbury; Olive, Mrs. Rufort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicent. Mr. Norris, who had come up with the gentlemen, addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him.

"Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating it would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the leases and other papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke, but the widower smiled with incredulity.

"When and where did she execute it, pray?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied Mr. Norris. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes spoke up, in a somewhat intemperate tone. "Mrs. Dawkes made no will

in this house: and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions, and when the will was prepared I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

He spoke so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false," she cried: "it is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will: she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognisant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house: she therefore caused the baize door to be erected, which you know of, to shut in her apartments, and she unfastened the small postern-door in the south wing, which opened to them, and so admitted her visitors. You can inquire of her maid, or the butler."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes: "I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not: you are a stranger here, and the door is very much hidden by trees," remarked Mr. Norris.

"The shortest way to settle it, is to look in the drawer and see if there is a will," interrupted Mr. Carlton, of the Hall. "I am told that I am one of the executors."

"You are," said Mr. Norris. "And Lord Rufort is the other."

Lord Rufort sat still in his chair, too stately to be moved by that, or by any other information, and there was a pause.

"We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes.

Major Dawkes was at bay.

"My lord, there is no will. I will equally pledge myself to it with my sister. It will be useless to examine the place."

"As you please, Major Dawkes," said Mr. Norris. "The will was made, and signed, in duplicate; and I took charge of the other copy. 'To guard against possible accidents,' Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with me."

Major Dawkes, foiled, and doubly at bay, searched for the key and opened the drawer. There was the will. He could have gnashed his teeth, but for those around. He sat down, and bit one of the fingers of his black kid glove.

"She may have left half the money away from me, after all!" thought he.

The will began by premising that no person whatever was a party to its contents; that it was her own uncounselled act and deed, biased by a sense of justice alone. There were a few trifling legacies to servants and friends: and then Mr. Norris cleared his throat, and Major Dawkes was red with expectation.

"I bequeath this mansion, the Rock, and all that it contains, plate, furniture, books, pictures, to Olive Canterbury, absolutely. I bequeath the whole of the money of which I may die possessed, the lands, the houses (save and except the Rock), to the four daughters of my late husband, George Canterbury, to be shared by them in equal portions. I bequeath to Thomas Kage my gold watch and chain, with the locket, key, and seal attached, and I beg him to accept them as a token of gratitude for his unvarying kindness to me and his solicitude for my welfare. And I bequeath to my present husband, Barnaby Dawkes, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, wherewith to purchase a mourning ring, which he will wear in remembrance of my dear child, Thomas Canterbury."

Such, shorn of its technicalities, was the will.

Major Dawkes sat, a pitiable object to look upon, the perspiration breaking out in drops over his livid face; was it his entire disinheritance, or the peculiar allusion to Thomas Canterbury, that caused his skin to wear that deathly hue? He was a ruined man; yesterday he stood on a high pinnacle, vaunting in his wealth and position; to-day he was hurled from it, and hurled from it for ever.

He felt reckless.

"I dispute the will," cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Norris, you will take my instructions, preparatory to setting it aside."

Mr. Norris smiled.

"You forget that I am solicitor to the Canterbury family."

"Why you might just as well tell the sun not to shine, as try to set aside a plain will like that, major," cried Mr. Carlton. "Though I sympathise with your disappointment, Dawkes," he added, "and cannot imagine how you could so mortally have offended your wife, as to be cut off with nothing."

"Very strange, indeed!" remarked Lord Rufort.

And "Very strange, indeed!" murmured everybody else, with the exception of Thomas Kage.

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Rufort stepped forward, and held out a small parcel towards Mr. Kage.

"It is the legacy mentioned in the will," said he; "Mrs. Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you." And Thomas Kage rose and took it, a vivid flush of bygone recollections dyeing his face.

"I wonder you had not a better memento than that: a good legacy, for instance," exclaimed the unceremonious Mr. Carlton to Thomas Kage. "You were her nearest relative, save her mother."

"When my brother gives his opinion that the will has been concocted, he only states what is no doubt the fact," interposed Miss Dawkes. "Perhaps you were one of her advisers in it, sir."

"Indeed, no," returned Mr. Rufort, to whom the lady had spoken; "I had nothing to do with the will in any way. Mrs. Dawkes once said to me, that her pecuniary affairs were settled, and that is all I ever heard. Had any one asked me, previous to this hour, to whom her fortune was most likely left, I should have answered, to her husband."

"Major," whispered Mr. Norris, as there was a general rise to leave, "you will give up possession at your earliest convenience. Not at your inconvenience, you know; Miss Canterbury would not wish that."

"Give up possession?" Ay, give up possession of all; his day was over. He watched their carriages drive away, and entered upon his *future;* a future compassed about with the stings of guilt and remorse. What had he gained by his dark deed? Not the golden Utopia he had promised himself, but poverty, and guilt, and shame. His wife gone, her money gone, and the Rock gone; all the good things were gone from him for ever; and he tore his hair, in his wild rage, as the thought came over him that, *but* for that dark deed, he would be rejoicing in them yet.

Thomas Kage alighted at the house of Miss Canterbury, with herself and Millicent."

"Shall I come in?" he asked.

"Shall you!" echoed Olive; "why should you not?"

"What has passed this morning, bars my right to do so; at least, on the previous footing," he continued, when they had entered. "Millicent," he added, going up to her, "this is a cruel blow, for it ought, in justice, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for."

"What now?" cried Olive.

"I have got, by dint of scraping and saving, a thousand pounds laid by in the bank, to purchase furniture, and such-like; Millicent is now worth something like a hundred thousand. How can I, in honor, still ask her to become my wife?"

Millicent Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and sick, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barrister—looking forward to the Woolsack, no doubt, in his own vain heart—say that a hundred thousand pounds was a thing to reject, or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ah, Miss Canterbury, indeed! Look at Lots. I dare say she has had her visions, as well as you; the Lord Chancellor and his wig rule England, and she rules the Lord Chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious flights for the far-off future. No slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you; and now you want to upset it all!"

"It is the money which upsets it."

"Poor child!" cried Olive, advancing, and stroking Millicent's hair, "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you a home now, and I am sure I will not give you one; I won't harbor a rejected and forlorn damsel at the Rock."

"What am I to do?" he quickly asked.

"Do?" echoed Miss Canterbury, in a different tone. "Ask Millicent. Money separate you! What next? I never was ashamed of you till now, Thomas Kage."

She left the room; and the next moment Millicent was sobbing on his breast, and he holding her to it. Separate, indeed!

"Mrs. Dawkes's will, in a different way, is as strange a one as my father's," observed Miss Canterbury to him. "Can you account for it?"

"I do not wish to account for it," was the evasive reply of Thomas Kage.

"I think with Mr. Carlton, that it is very strange she left nothing to you. But I have a suspicion you stopped her doing so."

"I told her I would not accept it, if she did."

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not hers to leave; and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property? No, I would not have accepted a shilling."

"Well, you *are* honorable!" exclaimed Olive, looking at him. "But to think that our own money should have come back to us!" she continued. "It did not bring, altogether, luck or happiness, to those to whom it was left."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage; and he knew it, far better than she did. "Be assured of one thing, Miss Canterbury: that an unjust will never prospers to the inheritors. All my experience in life has proved it to me."

And be you assured of it, also, reader, for it is a stern truth. [THE END.]

EVEN as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two,
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withal;—
So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again.

—*Quarles.*

☞ We must learn to comprehend the essence of art from admiration of excellence rather than from detection of error.—*Fred. Schlegel.*

☞ Returning to London, Jerrold was recognized in the railway carriage by a gentleman who wished—seeing the enthusiasm with which he pointed to the beauties of the landscape—to ingratiate himself by the assumption of an equal enthusiasm. But the counterfeit was plain and revolting. "I take a book," said the stranger, "retire into some unfrequented field, lie down, gaze on God's heaven, then study. If there are animals in the field, so much the better; the cow approaches, and looks down at me, and I look up at her." "With a filial smile?" asked the wit.

☞ In the anatomy of the hand we find that the muscle by which we shut it is much stronger than the one by which we open it; and this holds true as to giving and receiving.

☞ Treret, a Frenchman, was carried away from his home by the police of Paris, at two in the morning, and imprisoned in the Bastile. After a confinement of several weeks, he inquired of an officer—"Will you have the goodness to tell me for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The officer coolly replied, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity!"

MAPLE SUGAR.—The Ashtabula (Ohio) Sentinel says, that some of the farmers in that region have already begun to make maple sugar. Ashtabula and Geauga counties produce more sugar than any other counties in the State.

HAYTI A REPUBLIC AGAIN.—Private advices from Jamaica, to the 28th ult., state that the Revolutionists in Hayti were entirely successful. Emperor Soloupue had escaped to Jamaica with his family and treasure, and intended to reside there.

NOTES, BY AN EX-EDITOR.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS—CHARLESTON (S. C.) AND NEIGHBORHOOD—BALTIMORE AND VICINITY—OLD UNCLE NAT—HEZEKIAH NILES—JOSEPH LANCASTER—SNAP DRAGON—IRA HILL—GREAT SCHEME—A NEW EDEN, &c., &c., &c.

The printing office, of the City and Carolina Gazette, of which my father was editor and proprietor: a red painted brick house, on East Bay Street, in Charleston (S. C.); a frame house, with a large piazza, a garden and orange trees, at Cannonsborough, or "Butcher-town," and a house on Sullivan's Island, shaded by Palmetto trees, standing like sentries on each side the entrance to its portico, and Fort Moultrie in the vicinity, with the "stars and stripes" waving over it, and the sea in front—these, and a venerable African gentleman, ycleped "Old Sykes," who every morning would take hold of "the nape of the neck" of my flannel dress, made with feet, like stockings, and enveloping me entirely, and spite of all my juvenile remonstrances and kickings, and scratchings, would plunge me head foremost into the briny element, "*divers* and sundry times," until I had swallowed too much salt water to struggle with him any longer—are subjects among the most vivid of my earliest memories.

At my uncle's mansion, at Holly, about three miles from Baltimore, where I went in my childhood, there was an old colored gentleman who styled himself "Colonel Ramsay," but we children all called him "Old Uncle Nat." From "Old Uncle Nat" we used to learn many anecdotes of the turf and the cock pit, the fox-chase, and the opossum hunt, for Uncle Nat was familiar with "all small vices." At one time he had hired with Governor Ridgely, who was celebrated for his racing stud and breed of fighting cocks, and used to import English pheasants, to cross with his game chickens. Ridgely lived at a very elegant place called Hampton, on the York Road, which was a portion of a large estate, he received from an old bachelor, who also enriched two or three others on condition of their taking his name. The one I allude to was named Charles Canan, and, it was said, had been a wagoner in the employ of the old bachelor; and whether from habit, or parvenu ostentation, he almost always had four horses to his coach. By some means or other, he managed to get himself elected Governor, (by the Legislature) and was better known for his style and display and his horse-racing and cock-fighting propensities, than for his statesman-like or even political qualities. "Old Uncle Nat" used to sing us several old ballads; one, I remember was a sort of colloquy between a race horse and his rider, after this fashion—the horse says:

"Oh, rider! oh, rider! oh, rider," says he,
"How far is the gray mare, just now before me."

To which the rider replies:

"Oh, squew-ball! oh, squew-ball! you now ride in style,
For the gray-mare's behind you, a full half a mile."

Squew-ball, I suppose, was intended for piebald. That old ballad, and one the boys had in Charleston about some "people"

"Who built a church in Meeting street,
And couldn't raise a steeple—"

also another, (which, while writing, I am told may be found in "Percy's Relics"):

"The ball flew high, the ball flew low,
The ball flew in the Jew's garden—"

recounting the terrible fate of a youngster who went into a Jew's garden, in quest of his ball which he had thrown there, actually haunt me, and pain me with the endeavor to recall them entire to my memory. If the reader will fancy that he had forgotten all of the story of "Jack the Giant Killer," or of "Who Killed Cock-Robin," or of "Little Red-Riding-Hood," except the names, and some very vague memories of them, he may imagine how I feel, at times, in making vain efforts to recall the old ballads of my childhood.—

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

During a visit of my father to Europe, an old friend of his, Mr. Hezekiah Niles, of the "Register," with a portion of his family, accepted an invitation from my mother to spend the hot months at Spring Park, as Mrs. Niles had an infant in delicate health. Spring Park was an estate of my father's, about a mile distant from my uncle's, nearer Baltimore, now the property of Mr. William McDonald, a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance, but I am informed he is a man of large wealth and dispenses a generous hospitality. Mrs. Niles was a gentleman of very plain and easy address, and entirely unaffected in his manners, kind and warm-hearted, with a most benevolent smile, and as he was an inveterate smoker, the cigar in his mouth (by causing him to draw back the muscles,) made his smile appear perpetual. He was wont to sit for hours with his newspapers and scissors, collating articles for his Register, enveloped, an editorial Jupiter, in his own cloud of political weather. His Register was the leading paper in the Union, for Congressional and general political news, and is too well remembered to need any comments. He would sometimes relax from his editorial labors to amuse himself with the children, when we were enjoying our vacation from school, and took delight in propounding to us literary puzzles, promising a big melon, or some such reward, to whomsoever was Œdipus enough to unravel them. One of his puzzles gave me some trouble, in my incipient Latin studies, (which, by the way, never advanced beyond incipiency:) it was—

"Equus est in stabulo, sed est non."

I leave to some tyro in Latinity to reconcile the seeming contradiction in it. Mr. Niles, Mr. N. F. Williams, Mr. Isaac Munroe, my father, and a few others, were accustomed to meet at the office of Mr. Munroe's paper, "The Baltimore Patriot," and had much to do in the management of the elections in the entire State, as well as in the Baltimore District.

My father occupied a winter residence in the city, and finally remained there permanently. He called to see Mr. Joseph Lancaster, the founder of the Lancasterian plan of education, who was invited to dine at our house and an agreement was made with him for the tuition of the children. At parting, he held out his hand to shake, remarking: "Friend Thomas, I am a plain man, I carry my 'heart in my hand.'" He was a Quaker, and wore the costume of that sect—generally a plain brown, shad-belly coat, and pants to match, and a broad-brimmed, mouse-colored hat.—Sometimes he wore small-clothes, with long hose, and shoes and shoe-buckles. In person he was corpulent, and rather below the medium height. His hair was light brown; his face full and round, rather flushed, but with a benevolent expression. In all monetary matters he was very improvident. He was accustomed to give his scholars printed tickets when they pleased him, which, like bank notes, were redeemable by the drawer, and had the amount expressed upon them, and when a sufficient number were acquired, were payable in some premium, as a book, &c. I have known him to cram a boy's hat with them, and give several quires at a time, and he always redeemed them according to their tenor. He kept his desk constantly supplied with pound-cake, of which he ate a great deal, and gave liberally to such scholars as were proficient in their lessons. It was said that his school was not conducted on his "Lancasterian" plan, though it had some of its features, as the monitorial system, by which boys further advanced were made monitors, or instructors of those below them in learning, and were thus caused to keep renewed in their memories what they had once acquired.

On one occasion I was monitor over a handsome little fellow, who was studying Grammar lessons. He was to parse the line—"Man was made to mourn." I asked him what part of speech was man, and he replied,

"A noun substantive."

"Oh, no!" said I, "it will never do to tell that to *old Lundy!* Man is a verb active; he has to live, to do, and to suffer."

When the little fellow was called up to recite his lesson, he answered as I had instructed him. Mr. Lancaster, looking up, with astonishment, inquired who taught him, and he named me, and I was called up.

"Thomas," said Mr. Lancaster, "how came thee to teach the child so falsely."

I made no reply.

"Thou deservest a feruling; hold out thy hand."

I stretched forth my right.

"No! no! the other; I will not cripple *that* hand and prevent thee from writing."

I held out my left hand, and he seized it by the fingers and bent it back tightly, and, taking a heavy round ruler, he let it down three or four times, just touching my palm, and compressing his lips as for a tremendous blow, and every time the ruler ascended I would writhe and wince, in expectation of the coming agony, and suddenly he let go my hand, saying,

"I will forgive thee this time, for thy wit, but when thou offendest again, I will make a verb active of thee—according to thy own definition; I will punish thee severely."

It was very seldom, indeed, that he chastised any of his scholars.

He would occasionally invite some of us to his house of an evening, and would sit in his arm-chair in one corner, and get us to play "snap dragon." A table was set in the middle of the floor, and upon it was placed a large dish containing raisins flooded with brandy which was set on fire, and we would run round the table, and snatch out and eat the raisins with the flaming brandy, while he convulsed himself with laughter. The running around and around, and the brandy together would so intoxicate us, that we would perform all sorts of antics to his infinite amusement. He was fond of speaking of his interview with George III., on which occasion, (like the famous Dr. Busby,) he wore his hat in the presence of royalty.

His school was not very successful in Baltimore, and he returned to England.

The next schoolmaster that I had, the last that I ever had, and the only one that I ever really liked, was Ira Hill, author of a Theory of the Earth. I went to him between my fourteenth and fifteenth year of age. Mr. Hill was a tall, gaunt man, with thin dark hair and very expressive chiselled-like features; his eyes, dark and deep sunken, rather a heavy brow, and his nose and chin both prominent. His voice was weak from consumption. He invariably dressed in black, and was very slovenly; often going unshaven for a week, and with his socks hanging loose about his ankles and his clothes covered with down. He slept on a cot bedstead in a room of the house he occupied as his school, and would often lie down for the night without taking off his clothes, which were very seldom put in contact with a brush. He was a man of genius and of learning, and, in the exercise of his too thankless profession, he was most amiable, kind, gentle, and persevering. He was, perhaps, the best geographer of his time. Without map or chart to copy from, he could make a map of any State in the Union, or of any country in the world, with all its outlines, and all its rivers, lakes, mountains, boundaries, and contignities correctly delineated.

While I was his pupil in Baltimore he published a little work, the exact title of which I forget, but it was chiefly in reference to a theory of the earth, the causes of tides, of the Gulf stream, of geological strata, &c. It was generally spoken of as "Hill's Theory." Some years ago, perhaps in 1854, I was residing at that celebrated "race-ground," the renowned village of Bladensburgh, and I possessed a copy of Hill's book. In the "Washington Union," I observed an article by a writer who had obtained some celebrity for *his* peculiar theories, and I had no difficulty in tracing the origin directly to Hill's little work. I had before seen attempts in that paper, as also in the "Intelligencer," by some would-be philosopher, to play "Jupiter" with Hill's "thunder," and on this occasion I published anonymously in the "Union," a few remarks citing the originator of the Theories and his book, and that was the last I have seen or heard on the subject.

Hill was an unfortunate and unhappy man. He had separated from his wife and family in New England. In my boyhood I was required to attend church at least once a day every Sabbath. I complied with the requisition in the mornings, and during my acquaintance with Hill I generally spent the afternoons with him. One Sunday afternoon I went into his room and found him lying on his cot with an open letter in his hand. After a while he handed it to me and asked me to read it aloud, which I did. It was a very affectionate letter about his family, written by his son, who, he informed me, was but ten years of age. While I read he was deeply affected; I did not turn my eyes upon him, but I heard him sobbing. This was the first and only time I ever heard him allude to his family or the cause of his unhappiness.

Among his Sabbath visitors were several young mechanics, of different trades, who were his pupils. One of these was a coach-maker, and Hill procured him to make a globe of some three feet or more in diameter. When it was finished, it was brought to the house, but found to be too large to be got in at the door or any of the lower windows. I discovered that one of the windows up stairs would admit it, by removing some of the side slatting. It was accordingly hoisted by its axles, into the house. It afterwards became a source of learning and amusement to me, to paint in water colors, the continents and countries, oceans and seas that Hill marked upon his globe, with simply a pair of dividers to measure the relative length and breadth of territories, &c. He would rest his right hand on the horizon, with a pencil in his fingers, and by gently turning the globe with his left, and a slight movement of the pencil, he would delineate all the boundaries, seas, rivers, mountains, &c., &c. He had scarcely any visitors except his pupils, and he seldom went out anywhere, indeed, was seldom dressed to do so, except when he fixed himself up to dine at our house. I have heard that he became intemperate and died at the Almshouse in Hagerstown, Md.

He had a gigantic scheme, about which he went to Washington to obtain patronage of Government, and encountered the ridicule of John Randolph, and, it was *reported*, challenged him, and Randolph refused to accept, but a friend of his took it up, and was shot by Hill, in a duel, at Bladensburgh. This *rumor*, from whence I know not, was rife among his scholars in Baltimore. He wanted the Government to allot him sufficient land, in some appropriate location, on which to lay out a map of the world, each country having its appropriate mountains, rivers, lakes, &c., in miniature, and its minerals, animals, and plants, as far as practicable. It was to be a Geographical, Geological, Mineralogical, Zoological, and Botanical garden. He, however, had no "friends at Court:" perhaps, some of these days, some one who has, may appropriate Hill's idea, and wield his thunder with success. How would Mount Vernon suit for such a project? If not the World—the *Union* might be mapped there. The garden connected with the mansion, for the District of Columbia—the mansion itself, for the Capital of the United States, and the States and Territories, on the adjacent land. As all the States will be represented in the purchase of Mount Vernon, each State would likewise be represented on the spot and furnish the necessary requisites and adornments, and as the ladies are to be the purchasers, and as one of their sex lost us the original Eden, it is but right that they should give us another.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—During the last week, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, proposed to economize $600,000 by dispensing with the services of a *thousand* persons now employed in collecting the revenue! Mr. Bigler, of Pa., made a long and able speech in favor of higher and specific duties—which was ably replied to by Mr. Toombs, of Ga., at a subsequent session. The Cuba Bill was then taken up, and discussed at length by a number of Senators.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—In the House the question of the admission of Oregon has been considered—the principal grounds of objection urged being the article of her constitution allowing unnaturalized citizens to vote, another excluding free negroes, and that the admission of Oregon would be an infraction of the rule established by Congress in the case of Kansas.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported back a bill appropriating thirty millions of dollars to enable the President to settle the unadjusted difficulties with Spain and to purchase Cuba, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., gave notice that when the bill comes up, he will move an amendment striking out the word "purchase" and substituting "take."

QUANTITY OF CHAMPAGNE WINE.—Cozzens' Wine Press, for January, rectifies a popular error on everybody's lips, namely, that there are not wines enough raised in the Champagne district in France to supply the actual American consumption of wines passing under that name. The writer speaks from personal observation.

During a brief visit to Champagne, in the vintage season of last year, we had the good fortune to spend a day at the Chateau of a friend at Nantueil, on the very threshold of this famous wine country. Just in front of us was a noble hill covered with vines from the base to the summit, perhaps as high as the Palisades on the Hudson, but with a gentle slope well suited to the growth of the vine, and in length about five miles. Just before our visit the grapes from this hill had been gathered and pressed—and upon inquiry, we learned that the yield of wine from this magnificent fountain of pure juice, had been that season (a most prolific one, it is true,) no less than 8,000 hogsheads, which, at 60 gallons to the hogshead, would have yielded about 480,000 gallons, or 2,400,000 bottles. This alone was more than double the quantity of all the Champagne wine consumed in the United States; and think of it, reader, we had to ride through sixty miles of this country before we reached the great city of Rheims. Beyond that again were the famous vineyards of Sillery and Verzenay, and as we stood upon the hill-side on the edge of the forest of Ardennes, and looked down upon the magnificent amphitheatre of which the famous Cathedral City is the centre, we thought how wildly, idly and foolishly, some wiseacres express themselves, when they presume to talk upon a subject of which they are so profoundly ignorant.

THE CANADIAN FEDERATION SCHEME.—All the Lower Provinces, with the exception of Newfoundland, have refused to send delegates to the proposed Convention to discuss the question of a federal union. Until they consent, nothing further can be done toward the consummation of the project.

In the Massachusetts Legislature an amendment to the Constitution has been adopted, requiring a residence of two years in the State after naturalization before a man is qualified to vote.

THE Asia brings us a proclamation from her Majesty the Queen, forbidding the use in future of the special services in the Book of Common Prayer, for the three State holidays, known as the "Gunpowder Plot," "Martyrdom of Charles I.," and "Restoration of Charles II." These days are not henceforth to be observed as holidays.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market during the past week has been quiet, the advices from abroad being unfavorable, and the demand for export extremely limited, but supplies come forward slowly, and with a steady home consumptive demand, holders manifest no disposition to accept lower quotations. The sales for shipment comprise 4000 bbls at $5,75 ℔ bbl for standard brands; $6@6,25 for extra, and $6,25@6,75 for extra family, according to quality. The sales to the home trade have been within the range of the same figures, and fancy lots at $7 to 7,50. Rye Flour is in steady request; 300 bbls sold at $4@4,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal continues to come in slowly, and there is but little offering; 100 bbls Penna sold at $3,62½, and 1100 bbls Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has been quite limited, but the offerings are small, and holders have been enabled to realise previous quotations. Sales of 13,000 bush Southern, Penna. and Western at $1,30 ℔ bush for ordinary, and $1,40 for prime red, and $1,35@1,65 for white, including 1300 bush choice Kentucky on private terms. At the close, however, our highest quotations could not be realized. Rye is in steady request, with sales of 1500 bush Penna at 85c. Corn is in good demand, but the offerings have been extremely light, and prices have advanced 1@2c. Sales of 15,000 bush yellow at 80@82c for fair and prime dry lots; 75@79c for damp, and 72@73c for damaged. In Oats there has been some speculative movement, and 10,000 bush sold at 50c for Southern, and 51@52c for Penna, chiefly of the latter description.

PROVISIONS—The tendency of prices for all descriptions continues upward. Sales of Mess Pork at $18,50@19 ℔ bbl, cash and on time—now held at $19. No sales of Prime. City packed Mess Beef meets a steady inquiry for ship's stores at $16@16,50 ℔ bbl, cash. Bacon is in moderate request, partly for the supply of other markets, but the meagre stocks on hand have contributed to materially restrict business. Sales of 400 casks Hams at 10½@13c ℔ lb for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10½c, and Shoulders at 8½@8½c on time. Dry Salted Meats meet an active inquiry, and prices have again improved, closing with a tendency to a further advance. Sales of Hams at 9½@10½c; Sides 9½c; and Shoulders at 7½@7¾c, cash and 60 days, closing firm at our highest quotations. Lard continues very scarce, and it is held very firmly. Sales of barrels and tierces at 13c, cash and on time, and kegs at 13½c. Butter—There is a fair inquiry for roll, and Pennsylvania ranges from 17 to 19c; Ohio from 18 to 21c, and Goshen from 22 to 25c. Solid packed has been sold to a moderate extent at 10½@12½c ℔ lb in barrels and kegs.

COTTON—The market has been exceedingly dull, and for middlings and the lower grades prices have fallen off ⅛c ℔ lb. Sales of 800 bales Uplands at 11½@12⅛c ℔ lb, cash, for inferior and middling fair quality, but at the close buyers refused to pay our highest quotations.

BARK—Of Quercitron Bark the market is entirely bare, and No 1 is wanted at $31 ℔ ton. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing, and there is little or none offering.

COAL—The demand for shipment is quite limited, as the Eastern markets are generally well supplied, but for home consumption there is a fair inquiry at previous quotations.

COFFEE—There has been a good inquiry at full prices, but there have been no arrivals, and the market is nearly bare of stocks in first hands. Sales of 300 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c; 240 bags common and good Laguayra at 11@12½c; 450 bags Triage at 8½@9c; some Java at 15c; Jamaica at 12½c, and some St. Domingo at 10½c ℔ lb, on time.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ℔ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ℔ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ℔ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ℔ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ℔ lb, 38@50c.

FEATHERS—There are but few offering, and there is very little demand. Small sales of Western at 43@45c.

FRUIT—600 barrels Green Apples sold at $3,25 ℔ barrel. Dried Apples are selling from 9¼ to 9¾c, and Peaches from 9 to 12c for unpared halves. Cranberries are worth $14@18 ℔ bbl.

HEMP—There is no stock of American here in first hands, and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES—There is no stock here, and there have been no sales since our last notice.

HOPS are in steady demand—sales of new Eastern and Western at 14@20c, and old at 5@10c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—There has been considerable inquiry for Pig Metal for Spring delivery, and prices are firm. Sales of 15,000 tons No 1 Anthracite at $23,50@25, 6 mos; 800 tons do at $24 ℔ ton, 6 mos; and 1000 tons Forge, to go West, at equal to $21,50 ℔ ton, cash, delivered here. Scotch Pig is held at $27. No change in Blooms, Bar or Boiler Iron.

LEAD—There is but little stock here; a sale of 600 pigs Galway at 6c ℔ lb, cash.

LEATHER of prime quality is in demand and prices are looking up, while inferior descriptions are neglected.

LUMBER has been exceedingly quiet, the market generally being very bare of stock. White Pine Shipping Boards are selling at $15@15,50 ℔ M feet.

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand, but the want of supplies has restricted operations. 1200 bbls New Orleans, part to arrive, were disposed of at 42c, on time. Two cargoes of Cuba to arrive, sold on private terms.

SEEDS—There has been an active inquiry for Clover-seed at the recent advance, but at the close the demand fell off and prices declined. Sales of 2000 bushels fair and prime at $6,87½@7,25 ℔ 64 lbs, including one lot on terms not made public closing at $6,37½@7; 100 bags recleaned sold from second hands a $7,50. Timothy commands $2@$2,25, and Flaxseed is wanted by the crushers at $1,75 ℔ bushel.

SUGAR—The demand has been good, but the absence of supplies has retarded operations; sales of 750 hhds New Orleans at 7@8¼c, on time.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Rochelle Brandy has been landing since our last notice, part of which has been disposed of on private terms. Prices of Gin continue as last quoted. N. E. Rum commands 37@38c. Whiskey is held firmly at the recent advance. Sales of Ohio bbls at 29@30c; 300 Pennsylvania do at 28½c; hhds at 27½c; and drudge at 26½@27c.

WOOL—There is a good feeling in the market, with a steady upward tendency in prices. The stock is now light for the season, and rapidly becoming still further reduced. Among the sales we notice 85,000 lbs fine at 58@63c, cash; 60,000 lbs, ¼ blood, at 52c; 30,000 lbs, ½ do, at 47c; and 10,000 lbs common at 43c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 127 and 129 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ℔ lb	12@16
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6@8
Rump "	12@14	Young Lamb, whole	25@35
Chuck pieces	8@11	Whole carcase	8@9
Plates and navels corned	5@10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62½@75	Fore quarter, ℔ lb	6
Leg, each	31½@37½	Hind "	10
Tripe	20@25	Chop	12½
Kidney	5@12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ℔ lb	5@8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔ lb	14@16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	50	Suet and Irons, lb	10@12
Hind "	75	Feet, ℔ set	12½@25
Chop, ℔ lb	10@12	Tripe, ℔ lb	4@5
Calves head, each	25@37	Head "	10@12
		Hams, sliced	14@15
		Bologna sausages	16@20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ lb	6@8
Sweet potatoes ℔ bus	75@87½	Cam pol's, ℔ bus	75@1,00
Cabbages, ℔ head	3@6	Cucumbers, doz	50
		Turnips ℔ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ℔ bkt	$1,12½@1,25	Apples ℔ bf pk	25@31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ℔ pair	38@81	Turkeys ℔ lb	09
		Geese ℔ lb, do.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters	Absecom ℔ bkt	50@75	Morris River Cove ℔ M	10,00@12,50
Do.	℔ M	16,00@20,00	N Y do, ℔ bbl.	10,00@12,50
		Terrapins	$1@1,25		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ℔ lb	23@26	Eggs, ℔ doz	18
Lard "	12@20	Salt do, lb	11
Eggs, doz	13@20	Mackerel	10
Codfish, lb	6@8	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod "	5@6	Sausage meat ℔ roll	12½
Halibut lb	12½		

☞ The Cleveland Herald has discovered that Shakespeare, when he spoke of "tongues in trees," referred to wagon tongues!

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

A NEW LEAF FROM A WELL-KNOWN HISTORY.

A letter was recently published in which Harlow Case, the defaulting Collector of Sandusky, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title above, a missionary correspondent of *The Boston Watchman and Reflector* describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before the death of the mother and of the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings.

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?"

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand. These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but, coupled with what I afterward learned, were certain evidence that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide veranda, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere; but from the moment his words were uttered his sociability departed.

Within the cottage inclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with a most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy far-looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes were particularly lustrous, yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet, as she greeted my new friend. Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick for a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lip trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked, timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child, with grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long, shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears. Why was it, I questioned myself, that painful thought took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me. At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly-bound copy of Shakspeare, read—

"To Mary Frances F——, from her devoted husband, Henry E. F——."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F——; had known him intimately for years. He was a friend toward whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time. His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love. How could I remain under this roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had reveled in such a conquest? I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the torture of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house. Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.

I hesitated. Should I partake of *his* hospitality?—the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee, as from a pestilence, his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining-room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma"—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate. Obedient servants brought, on the most costly salvers, delicacies such as I had never seen before. But, the skeleton sat at the feast! I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies. Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from ——— city, I believe," he said, nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—H. E. F———?"

"I knew him, sir," I said, sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man." With an ejaculation of anguish he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then—" he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows I have suffered; and if in F.'s bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months, and I have known it. It has been for me to see the failing step—the dimming eye; it is for me now, to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said, in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly.

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"Oh! if *she* knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

I shrank from the very thought.

"She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her, I promised that I would."

"I will go, then."

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led me, into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half-reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging, and hallowed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gifts, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! Oh pity! pity!

The eyes only retained their lustre; they were wofully sunken. The blazing fire, kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself,

"Oh, how sorry I am for you."

She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was,

"Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

I told her that it was not my intention to return at present.

"Oh, then who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, oh, little enough—for the bitter wrong I have done them."

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added, a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir, tell him my story; warn, oh, warn everybody. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years—ah! God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what *has* come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. Oh, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—oh, my God—forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join; or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but, wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 195—Adults 99, and children 96.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—30 I Abrams, Ohio, $9@10½; 30 J. Keller, Ill, 8@9; 11 Stuffens, Chester co, 8@9½; 40 Stewart & Kennedy, Pa, 9@10; 44 McQuaid, Ohio, 8@10; 21 Baker, Va, 9@9½; 13 P Fisher, Berks co, 9@10; 16 G Brownlie, Ohio, 8@9. Sheep—3000 arrived, and sold at from $3@4,50 ⅌ head, equal to 9@10c ⅌ lb.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—30 J Dasher, sold by R Neely, Chester co, 8@9; 103 S McClung, Va, 8@9½; 67 G Adams, Ohio, 8½@10½; 11 Kimble & Kirk, Chester co, 9@10½; 21 D Campher, by McCall, do, 8½@9½; 20 Seymour, by Hathaway, do, 9½; 13 J Knox, by G Seldomridge, Lancaster, 9½@10; 5 J Logan, do, 8@9½; 8 B Hood, do, 9@10½; 11 Solomon Rhodes, Berks, 10½; 28 J Turner, by Cochran & McCall, do, 9½@10½; 27 Todd & Pennypacker, do, 9½@9½; 30 S Miller, Lancaster, 8½@10; 16 E & L Chandler, do, 9@10½; 18 J A Hathaway, Md, 9½@10½; 67 Kimble & Co, Md, 9½@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Feb. 12.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has advanced—sales of 12,000 bbls State at $5,15@5,35, Ohio at $5,20@5,35, and $5,50@5,55 for Southern. Wheat buoyant; sales of 3500 bush at 143c for red, and 157½c for white. Corn dull at 83@86c for mixed, and 80@85c for white. Pork dull at $13,75 for Prime. Lard heavy at 12@12½c.—Whiskey dull at 26½c.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 12, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solvent bks par to ¼ dis
Relief notes ¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank,
Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

CUBA.—It is said that a secret, personal agent of the Queen of Spain has been in this country for a twelve-month, and that there have been several meetings between him and the President. This person is said to be a lawyer of great eminence in Spain, and to have the charge of the Queen's private estate, and knows her wishes and intentions better than her Ministers, or the whole of the Court combined.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	113¼	—
" " '68	113¼	—
" 5 " coupon '74	101	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	—
" " new	103	103½
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R E issue	80	81½
Penn 6 pr ct	95½	96½
" 5 " coupon	—	93
" 5 "	92½	93
Texas 8 pr ct	94½	—
" 6 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	93½	95
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North American	140	141
Philadelphia	117	118
Far & Mec	38	39½
Commercial	51½	—
N Liberty	48	61
Mechanics	28	29½
Southwark	49	—
P Township	35	36½
Kensington	50	—
Girard	12½	12½
Western	—	23
Man & Mech	—	27½
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	23	—
City	45½	46
Consolidation	26	28½
Commonwealth	22	—
Corn Exchange	—	25
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	57	—
Exchange	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	—	116½
Southern "	120	—
Louisville "	103	—
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	99
Planters "	105½	—
N O Gas Light "	126	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas Light Co	23	24
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	1	—
New Grenada	¼	1
N America Ins'nce	141	—
N Liberties Gas	28½	30
Southwark & Frankford RR	97	—
Bonds	—	85

RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
Pennsylvania R R	101	101½
2nd "	92½	92½
stock		
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	119	120
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	83½	—
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '45	—	73
stock	23½	23¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89½	89½
stock	—	43½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan '80	98	—
Ches Val R R 7's	42	42½
Tioga R R 7's	43	44
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	12	20
2d "	57	59½
stock	—	10
Catawissa	6½	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	50½	52½
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	10
6 pr ct loan	67½	69
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	53½	55
6 pr ct loan	—	100
Minehill R R	59½	60
Har and Lan R R stock	50	—
bonds '53	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	22	25
Long Island R R stock	11½	13½
bonds	82½	84
Erie R R stock	18	—
Hudson River R R	51½	—
N Y Centre "	76½	—
Michigan Central "	47½	48½
Illinois "	60½	—
Michigan Southern	18½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72½	73
imp. 6 pr ct	70½	—
stock	9½	10
preferred	18½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	—
mort 6 pr ct	87½	88
scrip	27½	28
Morris Conso'd	—	48
preferred	105	105½
Ches & Del.	—	45
bonds	77	—
Union	2½	3
bonds	30	30½
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds 1878	30½	34

FORT BRIDGER.

Col. Bridger, the proprietor of "Fort Bridger," so famous in connection with the history of the Mormon disturbances, settled in the vicinity of Salt Lake in 1835, and has since greatly distinguished himself as hunter, trapper, trader, and guide. In an interview with Gov. Cumming, on the advance of the army to Utah, he stated to him, that some years since, while pursuing the buffalo, he had discovered an immense rock of pure crystal, through which the sun's rays were reflected with all the gorgeousness of the most magnificent rainbow, but that he had lost the place, and had never been able to rediscover it. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, which can be discovered in the store of any druggist or dealer in medicine, will *positively cure* Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, &c., and will almost restore to the old all the vigor of their youthful days.

WHEN THE THROAT AND LUNGS are overloaded with phlegm or mucous, how can you expect to be free from cough or difficulty of breathing? Therefore, immediately apply to that most potent remedy for all pulmonary diseases, JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, and you will find the most beneficial results from its use.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. feb19-3t

ALL WHO SUFFER from coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and the most to be dreaded of all, Consumption, can find sure relief in Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which always cures where other remedies fail.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Brunswick, Medina county, Ohio, Jan. 20th, by the Rev. A. R. Palmer, Mr. W. B. SHERMAN, to Miss SALLIE S. BENJAMIN, all of Brunswick.

On the 24th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. GEORGE MOORE, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH PAULDRAWUS, of Reading, Pa.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, CHARLES FORTER, to SALLIE ERVIN, daughter of Alex. Ervin.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Mr. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, to Miss MARGARET COULTER, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN CULLY, of Roxborough, to Miss JANE BITTLE, of Manayunk.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. N. Gehr, Mr. WILLIAM FESLER, to Miss MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. O. WEISGERBER, to Miss MARY C. LARGE, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN SHANE, to Miss LOUISA M. FOX, both of this city.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. BENJ. L. RUSK, to Miss LAVINIA M. KENNEDY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, HANNAH, wife of William S. Earnest, in her 53d year.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH M. LORENTZ, aged 58 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE HAMILTON, aged 27 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. MARY HILL, aged 61.

On the 7th instant, MARY J. COCHRAN, aged 30 years.

On the 6th instant, JOSEPH SHERMER, aged 52.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH WANAKER, aged 58 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. GEORGE HITNER, Printer, aged 77 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. FRANKLIN D. EDMUNDS, aged 45 years.

At Germantown, on the 5th instant, GRACE HARKINSON, aged 18 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM H. WAYNES, aged 37 years.

On the 6th instant, SARAH RUTHERFORD, aged 27 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. MARGARET S. wife of Henry Boraef, aged 68 years.

On the 6th instant, JEREMIAH FIELDS, aged 46.

SOMETHING NEW.—AGENTS WANTED. Business honorable.—Will pay a weekly salary from $18 to $30. Small capital required. No "humbug." For particulars, inclose stamp, and address A. B. MARTYN, Plainfield, New Hampshire. dec4-26t

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages of particulars, gratis. feb5-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 98 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 73 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

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Opens March 17th. Board and Tuition in common English, 14 weeks, for $32,50, in advance *All the branches* of a business, classical or ornamental education *thoroughly taught.* Superb brick buildings, adapted to both Ladies and Gentlemen. For Circulars or for Rooms apply to the *Principal*, Rev. JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, N. Y. feb19-3t

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No builder or person designing to build, should fail to procure this comprehensive little work. Price by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. A liberal deduction to the trade. JOHN L. CAPEN, feb19-3t 922 Chestnut St., Phila.

☞ We ask attention to the advertisement of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, in this number of our paper, and to the following notice from the Syracuse Journal:—

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That flashes through the Atlantic Cable, bears less resemblance to the lightning of heaven, than

CRISTADORA'S HAIR DYE

Bears to the natural coloring matter of black and brown hair.

QUICK AS A FLASH

It darkens the gray, red or sandy fibres of the head, the lips, and the chin to an ebony hue. While it lends a healthy lustre to them

IT CONTAINS NO CAUSTIC,

And ten minutes once in six or eight weeks is all the time required for its application.

☞ Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORA,
feb19-cow2t No. 6 Astor House, New York.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, dec4-13t 181 William Street, New York.

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

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We have now on hand an assortment of the celebrated American Lever Watches. They possess great advantages over the English or Swiss, being less complicated, more durable, and not so liable to get out of order. For keeping time they are unrivalled. Persons in want of a good Watch are invited to call and examine them. Also on hand an assortment of English and Swiss Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware.
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Je5-tf No. 12 South Second St., Philada.

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COCOINE.

PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED COCOANUT OIL.

THIS preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

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jan 22-3m

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Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.
A WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL and FOUR FIRST PREMIUM SILVER MEDALS have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the Druggists and country storekeepers generally, and by the manufacturer, jan15-tf THOMAS J. HUSBAND, Phila.

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1859.

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During the year will be given a number of engravings of articles that ladies can make up for Fancy Fairs, with descriptions how to make them.

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N. R. GARDNER
feb5-4t Peace Dale, R. I.

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This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*
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BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS

Have been weighed by the public one hundred and eight years, and not found wanting. They claim intrinsic merit. Their usefulness is measured by their purifying qualities upon the BLOOD.

We cannot be Sick, we can have no Pain, but when some Natural Outlet for the Blood's Impurities is Closed or Inactive.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS open these natural outlets, or make them active, by which impurities are removed, and disease eradicated. Though innocent as bread, they are more searching than calomel, and while sickness is present, may be used daily; because they do not take any of the essential parts from the blood, but purify it, and restore, in a measure, its vitalizing qualities.
They require no change in diet, or care against cold or otherwise.

Fevers, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Influenza, Colds, Coughs, General Debility, Premature Decay, and especially Sudden Attacks of Severe Sickness,

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When serious pain afflicts us, we should at once take a good dose of Pills.

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Mr. John Y. Haight, Supervisor of New Castle, Westchester county, N. Y., desires the attention of those interested. He says, November, 1858:—"I was, about two years ago, attacked with fever and ague, which, notwithstanding the

Wit and Humor.

IRISH WITTICISMS.

Rev. Henry Giles, in a recent lecture, spoke of Irish wit and humor as displayed by the educated classes and by the peasantry. Swift's wit was scathing, burning, with an element of fierceness; the social wit of Sheridan was sportive; Canning's was keen and bitter, as when the curate was anxious to have him praise his sermon, and could elicit from him nothing but the remark that it was short. "Oh, yes," said the curate, "I am careful not to be tedious." "But, sir, you did not succeed," said Canning, "you were brief, but you were tedious also." Curran's wit was the ideal of fancy and oddity, as when he remarked of an Irishman in Hyde Park, who kept his tongue thrust out of his mouth, that he was probably trying to catch the English accent! The amusing bulls of Sir Boyle Roche were alluded to. He was not only witty in his blunders but in his correction of them. Thus after exclaiming in Parliament, "Why should we do anything for posterity? What has posterity done *for* us?" he explained himself by remarking that by posterity he did not mean our ancestors, but those who are to come after us! Sir Jonah Barrington said of Lord Norbury that he had a hand for everybody, but a heart for nobody. That was a fearful jest of Norbury's on sentencing to death a thief who had stolen a watch, "you made a grasp at time, my lad, but egad, you clutched eternity." The wit of the peasant was illustrated by the remark of a beggar on being told by a gentleman that he never gave alms to strangers, "Sure, then, your honor will never relieve an angel!" "Take those stones out of my way," roared Dr. Abernethy to an Irish pavior in front of his door. "And where shall I take them, sir?" "Take them to hell!" said the enraged doctor. "And sure, wouldn't *the other place* be more out of your honor's way?" A doctor retained in court as a witness complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients so long they *might recover in his absence!* But bulls are not confined to Ireland. Sir Isaac Newton made a practical bull when, having made a hole in his door for his cat to enter, he also made a smaller hole for her kitten! A story was told of a priest, who, it being Friday, had just helped himself to a whole salmon, with the remark, "It is a fast day with me, gentlemen," when a great fellow, with red whiskers, reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two, took half of it with the remark, "Bad luck to ye, do ye think nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

The Right Bird.—Odd and good is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practised medicine. As the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the doctor loved to stand in front of the shop, and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders.—One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for awhile with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och, and by the powers, doctor, if it isn't fine! But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"And what, pray, is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, "you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay—yes," replied the doctor; "that's a good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there—wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm afther thinking there's anither kind of bird what would be much more appropriate."

"And what's that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name jist now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings he says 'Quack, quack quack!'"

The last that was seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

Sut Lovengood and the Locomotive.—The first locomotive Sut ever saw, was standing with steam up, and nearly ready to go, making no noise save a suppressed humming from the safety valve. Sut had, in his skeery, cautious way, clambered to the top of the tender to find out "what sort ove a beastee" it was, when the engineer slyly gave the whistle lever a long pull—shay-y-y! Sut lit twenty feet distant on a pile of cord-wood, and after running until he got straightened up, he turned round all eyes, and said,

"What in the deuce *did* you do to it, mister?"

Just at this moment a negro came trundling a truck, with a cooking stove, a joint of pipe on the fire hole, and pots and pans hanging all round. Sut took a look first at the stove and then at the locomotive: a light broke out over his perplexity, and he shouted to the engineer:—

"Oh, yes, I onderstands it all now; *the darned old brute was jist a nickerin' for her colt!*"

A Considerate Gentleman.—The Colonel was an addition to any company, especially the special one who were going from Wheeling to St. Louis at that special time. Somebody who had his well being at heart, said to the old man:—

"Colonel, ain't you rather afraid to drink so much whiskey?"

"Gentle-men," said the Colonel, "it isn't at all my style. I never drink whiskey at home, and I am only doing it now out of consideration for the captain."

"For the captain?" queried half a-dozen voices.

"Yes, gentle-men, for the captain. The captain has stated to me that the water in the river is very low—scarce, very. Do you think, gentle-men, that I would, under the circumstances, use any of the precious fluid, perhaps preventing the boat getting down the river?—I understand my duty to the captain too well!"

SOLD, BY SCISSORS!

During the stay of the Rifle Brigade in the city of Halifax, Lord Jocelyn was among the officers, and his extraordinary feats are still well remembered by many of the residents. At the same time there was one Sam Sweet, a tailor, whose chief business lay in the army and navy line. A right good fellow was Sweet, and fond of a joke, and not slow in working one off upon his customers, if it came in his way. Like most others giving to joking, he sometimes carried things a little too far, and found the laugh coming out on the wrong side. Now, Lord Jocelyn had a coat made by this same Sam Sweet, and it proved to be a perfect fit. His lordship thought it a little too long—half an inch or so—and as his friends concurred in the sentiment, he sent it back to Sweet to have the fair proportions of its tail curtailed to that "extent, no more."

Sweet says to his foreman, Breed, "I told you I thought my Lord Jocelyn's coat about half an inch too long; now, hang it up for three or four days, then send it home, without cutting off a bit of the tail; his lordship will never know the difference, and one of these days we will tell him of it."

Breed did as he was told. Lord Jocelyn sent for his coat, as it did not come home; Sweet sent him word that his best man was off on a spree, but he would have it done at once, and sent to-morrow. The next day the coat went home as it came.

Two or three days afterwards, Jocelyn, with a brother officer, sauntered into Sweet's with the coat on Sweet made, and, accosting the tailor, said to him,

"I say, Sweet, I think my coat looks twenty per cent. better since you took off that half inch; it needed just that, I told you, to make it *the* thing."

"You are right, my lord," said Sweet, "you always are; it needed just exactly that much to come off. I told my foreman so when he cut it, and when you sent it back I made him take off the very half inch that your quick eye detected as being more than was needed."

"Oh, ah! have you the piece here you cut off?" says Jocelyn; "I want to see just how much you did cut off, for I'm not to be trifled with about it; let's see the piece."

But the piece was not to be found; and Jocelyn, giving the wink to his brother officer, went on,

"Now, look here, Sweet, perhaps I can find the piece for you;" and, lifting up the skirt of his coat, he said to him:

"Do you see that little mark there?"

Sweet said he saw it very plainly.

"Well, you audacious little rascal, I put that mark there before I sent the coat to be altered—just half an inch from the end of the coat—and you pretend to have cut off just so much, and yet the mark is just where I put it, eh?"

"Sold, by scissors!" says Snip; and, fearing his lordship's foot, he shot out of a side-door, and left his lordship to blow out and cool off at his leisure. This cured the tailor of practical joking; or, if he ever tried his hand at it again, he made no experiments of the kind on live lords.

An Ancient Ohio Difficulty.—Upwards of a quarter of a century ago, a little affair occurred in high life, in the town of Columbus, which ought not to be suffered to pass into oblivion. The scene was the front of the venerable hotel kept by Bob Russell, who with his well known colored servant Dick, (thoroughly marked with the small pox,) will not soon pass out of the minds of the surviving settlers of the State.

Mr. F——y was Attorney General of Ohio, and Mr. L———d was chief clerk in the office of the Auditor of State. The United States Court was in session, and Mr. F. improved the opportunity to explain to a company of constituents in front of the hotel the circumstances of a claim which had accrued to the Sullivan heirs, in consequence of the removal of the capital of Ohio from Chilicothe to Columbus. In the course of his remarks, he questioned the statements in the Auditor's books. Mr. L. at once pronounced his statement a lie.

"I can not waive rank," said Mr. F., "and fight this man."

As he proceeded to reiterate his charges, Mr. L. pronounced him a second and a third time a liar, when Mr. F., becoming much excited, shouted:

"My fellow citizens, I have concluded to waive the question of rank and settle the matter at once."

So, taking off his coat, he descended from the stand, and immediately was knocked down by the clerk, three times in rapid succession. The last time, before rising from his "recumbent position," he turned his eyes around, under the evident impression that he had fulfilled the utmost requirements of the "code," and not being desirous of performing any purely "meritorious" labors, addressed himself to his physical superior, as follows:

"Before rising from this position, sir, I desire to ask you a question: do you intend to strike me if I get up?"

"Of course I do, blame you," ejaculated his excited adversary.

"Then, sir, I shall not get off my back!"

The spectators—among them, if we mistake not, Hon. T. C. and Judge S.—now interfered, and the belligerents were separated.

Hospitality.—I must confess (writes Bayard Taylor) I have a higher reverence for the virtue of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens last winter)—when a priest in Lent roasts his turkey for you—when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of wine—when some of my anti-tobacco friends allow me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor with the windows open—there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, "Meat is unwholesome, so my conscience will not let me give it to you;" or with the ventilators, who proclaim that "fires in bed-rooms are injurious"—and I was starved and frozen.

A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

Mrs. ———.—"Oh, here you are at last. Now, you must come and dance this waltz with a friend of mine—charming girl, I assure you."

Mr. ———. (*who prides himself upon his dancing*).—"Haw! thank you—you're very good!—but I never waltz with strange girls. I don't mind giving her a quadrille first, just to see how she moves!"

A Tough Story Corrected.—A correspondent signing himself "A Puddin'head," writes to correct several errors in the "Tough Story" of the farmer and the geese. He being personally acquainted with "Farmer H———," and having heard the story from his own lips, may be relied upon as giving the correct version.

A pond existed in front of Farmer H———'s house, instead of a field. The weather being very cold, the pond was, of course, frozen stiff and solid.

The geese came, and, as they always prefer to bivouac on an exposed situation where no enemy can approach unseen, they settled on this pond.

Farmer H——— saw them "a doing of it." He therefore went to the flood-gate of the mill-dam, which emptied into the pond, and allowed about an inch and three-quarters of water to run evenly over the frozen surface.

Farmer H——— was a practical man and a good shot. In expectation of his morning's success, he spent the night in fixing up his fowling-piece, and preparing for practice and recreation on the enguing morn.

Morning came, and Farmer H——— began the sport. Judge of his surprise when, after the first discharge of his weapon, the geese took flight and *flew away with the pond!*—*N. Y. Picayune.*

A MURDER REVEALED BY A DREAM.

A miraculous discovery of a horrible murder is related by a Belgian journal of a recent date, of which we make a summary: Two brothers, Jews, set out from Gyek with a view of placing their two daughters at a boarding school in the town of Grosswardein. During the night of their absence, the youngest daughter, aged ten, who was left at home, woke up her mother suddenly during the night, and crying bitterly, declared that she saw her father and uncle, and all being murdered. The mother, for some time, took no notice of the child's declaration, but, as she persisted, and would not be pacified, she began to be alarmed herself, and the next morning took the child before the mayor of the town, to whom she declared her dream, stating at the same time that the murderers were two men living in the neighborhood, whom she deliberately pointed out, and further added that the murder was committed at the entrance of the forest, on the road to Grosswardein.

The mayor, after receiving this revelation, thought it prudent to make inquiry after the two neighbors indicated by the child, when, singular enough, they were discovered to be absent from home. This suspicious circumstance induced the mayor to dispatch some officers to the forest alluded to by the child, who discovered the horrible spectacle of five bodies extended on the ground, which were those of the two brothers, the two daughters, and the driver of the vehicle in which they all took their departure. The corpses appeared to have all been set on fire, so as to destroy their identity, and the vehicle was nowhere discovered. This horrible tragedy led the officers to examine the whole neighborhood, when they fortunately pounced upon the two neighbors at a fair not far distant, as they were in the very act of changing some notes on which some spots of blood were visible. On being seized they immediately confessed their crime, and on the child's dream being revealed to them, acknowledged the finger of Providence displayed in their capture. This wonderful dream on the part of the child, and its fulfillment, excited an immense sensation in the neighborhood.

English and French Eating.—The *Reforme Agricole* furnishes a curious statistic as regards England and France. In England there are twenty million inhabitants; in France there are thirty-five millions. In England there are sixteen million head of cattle; in France there are only ten millions. In England there are sixty millions of sheep; in France thirty-two millions. In England manure is spread equal to the keep of nineteen sheep for every two and a-half acres. In France the manure-spreading is for the keep of two sheep only. An English acre yields to a French acre in the proportion of twenty to eleven. In England each inhabitant has, on the average, more than half an ox of the age of two years, and nearly three sheep. The Frenchman has not quite one-third of an ox, killed at from eight to ten years of age, and not one sheep.

Agricultural.

SORGHUM SUGAR.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—In a recent number of your paper, I noticed an article on the culture of Sorghum; and as anything of interest on this subject cannot fail to be appreciated by those concerned in its success, I give my experience as far as it goes, and hope by so doing to interchange theories with others, which may call out useful and important hints in regard to the production of syrups. Do not spoil syrups with lime, soda, or carbonates, or sulphates of any kind. If iron kettles are used for boiling, the carbon will pass off, leaving the alkali to take action upon the iron. Take for example, sulphate of lime. The sulphur of sulphate of lime will unite with iron, forming sulphuret of iron, at the same time the lime will unite with oxygen forming oxyde of lime, which immediately produces action upon the iron. These nearly neutralise each other, leaving a small quantity of sulphur in the mass. This is the "*ne plus ultra*" of chemicals, and should be put in at the press while cool. But we must hasten. Take the juice as soon as expressed; strain through white flannel; put it in for boiling; boil fast—the faster the better—without running over. The carbonaceous matter will be collected by the steam—the carbon uniting with hydrogen, forming carburetted hydrogen, passes off in the form of vapor, while the more solid particles are removed with the skimmer. Nothing being added, a better article is obtained.

In this manner, the choicest article is obtained—as choice, as fair, and as pleasant as honey, having no scorched taste; being a light, brilliant mass. The red color and scorched taste are given by the diffusion of iron.

W. N. Dixon.

Starting Seeds Early.—Rev. Daniel Emerson, Summit county, Ohio, writes that he has been successful in giving garden seeds an early start in the following manner:—Having selected the quantity needed, each sort is tied by itself in a cloth, the name being plainly written on a slip of paper, and enclosed with the seed. The packages are then buried about two inches deep in the ground for a week or two. When ready to plant, the kinds needed for planting are taken from the bags and used. They will be found to have swelled, perhaps sprouted, and ready to grow. If the ground should be quite dry, it is best to water the drills after dropping the seed, and then cover with dry earth. Mr. E. says that by this plan he has never failed to raise plants from every seed planted. If each seed is placed where it is wanted to grow, it will save the labor of thinning, though many prefer to thin their rows, leaving the most prominent plants to grow.—*American Agriculturist.*

☞ The "Honey Blade Grass" is the same as German Millet, recently christened Hungarian Grass. For some purposes and on some soils this has always been esteemed a valuable forage plant, and at this time the seed can be had of dealers at from $2 a bushel downwards. A bushel of seed will sow two or three acres. Under the seductive name of "Honey Blade Grass," it is offered in sacks containing seed enough to sow an acre, for $3—just about six times what that quantity of seed is worth, as any amount of this seed can be obtained for $1 a bushel, and it can be afforded as cheap as oats. Hold on, Cultivator folks, there will be enough of this seed in market to stock the nation before sowing time next May or June.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Onions—Abstracting Flavor From, Etc.—When it is desired to render onions more mild in flavor, it may be accomplished by burying them in the soil after they have been thoroughly dried, as when prepared for winter use. One night in the soil will abstract much of the redundant odor. Fishy ducks, dried codfish, etc., may be rendered much less objectionable in flavor by similar treatment. Before burying fish or ducks, wrap them in absorbent paper or a muslin cloth slightly moistened.—*Working Farmer.*

Growing the Peach for Fuel.—In my opinion there is not sufficient attention paid to the cultivation of the peach for fuel, especially on our prairies. The peach is a *fast* grower. It can be grown as easily as the locust. It may perchance bear fruit, then you get doubly paid. I have had some experience in this matter. I had a fine peach orchard, which shared a similar fate with other peach orchards in the northern part of the State killed outright in the winter of 1855–56. I let it standtill the following winter. It was then thoroughly seasoned, and we used it for fuel. Suffice it to say, I heard no scolding about wood all winter. We live adjoining timber, and we prefer the peach to any timber in the grove. For the purpose of timber, I should plant about the same distance each way as corn. Prairie folks, try it.—*Corres. of Prairie Farmer.*

Grape Vine Pruning.—This is the season for pruning grape vines, and the sooner it is performed the better. Cutting the bearing-wood back to three buds, is the common rule; but it is doubtful if this is the best course with our native vines. The greatest sticklers for it do not always raise the largest crops. Strong-growing varieties require less trimming than those that are comparatively weak. But, according to the books, there is no difference, and we are led to believe that all should be treated alike. We prune our vines according to the German rule, and have not, as yet, in our opinion, discovered the true method of cultivating and pruning the vines of native growth. —*Ohio Farmer.*

Peas in Potatoes to Prevent Rot.—On May 11, I planted in the garden twenty hills of pogie potatoes; holes were made in the potatoes with a penknife, and from four to six peas were thrust into each potato. The soil was a black, moist loam; no manure was put into the hill. September 4, the potatoes were dug. Every hill had potatoes in it affected with rot, fully as much as potatoes in the same garden, planted in the ordinary way; nor was there any difference in yield in favor of the experiment. The pea vines, which were quite scanty produced very few and inferior pods.—*Corres. of N. E. Farmer.*

The Potato Disease.—The Royal Agricultural Society has awarded a purse to Dr. Laing, of Ipplepen, for a paper on the Potato, its cultivation, production and disease. The conclusions at which he arrives are: "That the disease is of a fungoid nature, increased in virulency by atmospheric causes. That all manures are injurious, saving only lime and salt. That the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively grown. That earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease."

Useful Receipts.

How They Make Coffee in France.—A cup of French coffee seems to have the effect to put Americans into ecstacies; yet few of them are thoughtful enough to obtain from their French brethren the process by which the delicious beverage is concocted. Of this few is a recent Buckeye writing from Paris, who supplies the desired information:

"While at Mr. Morle's, his good lady very kindly initiated me into the art of coffee-making. In the first place it is browned in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn. Secondly, it is ground very fine, and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated pan or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee pot, or vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of the coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plate a tea dish, on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason why the *cafe au lait* and *cafe noir* are so much admired by all who take them. If you will try this mode, I am sure, in a few experiments, you will succeed in getting it right, and possess yourself of a luxury which will add very much to a breakfast on a cold morning—try it."

Indelible Ink.—The milk that exudes from the sumach, when a limb or leaf is broken off, makes the best indelible ink that can be used. In a short time it becomes a jet black, and can never be washed out.

Cure for Chilblains and Frosted Feet.—Apply common tar to the parts affected, and bind it up with cloth, so as not to interfere with wearing the stocking. Wear this four days or a week. This I know is a sure cure, though it does not cost much.

Candles from Soft Tallow.—The following recipe I have used, and know it to be valuable: To twelve pounds of tallow add half a gallon of water; to which add three tablespoonsful of pulverized alum, and two of saltpetre, which heat and dissolve. Then add tallow and one pound of beeswax; boil hard all together until the water evaporates, and skim well while boiling. It should not be put in the mould hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off, but it injures the moulds. Never heat moulds to draw candles in cold weather.

Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beeves, fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover. Therefore, the tallow from grass-fed cattle should always be hard, with the addition of very little alum and beeswax. In very cold weather much less alum must be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather, if the tallow is very soft.—*Prairie Farmer.*

☞ I hold that despotism is the baby step of civilization.—*Phillips.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 14, 52, 9, 30, is the name of a female.
My 28, 15, 58, 51, 46, is the name of a male.
My 18, 23, 44, 47, 53, 32, 1, 49, 16, 11, 30, 37, 32, affords amusement.
My 48, 24, 3, 44, 39, 13, 19, 45, is a title.
My 27, 33, 50, 49, 16, 12, a place of refuge.
My 35, 56, 14, 31, 46, is an animal.
My 42, 57, 34, 2, 13, is a sort of trap for birds.
My 26, 15, 4, 17, is a part of the body.
My 6, 36, 38, 58, is a southern production.
My 24, 8, 25, a resting place.
My 41, 7, 4, is what we all do.
My 20, 54, 22, 15, is what we have had considerable of lately.
My 29, 21, 37, 45, 2, look very handsomely in gardens.
My 18, 55, 30, is a beverage.
My whole is an ancient proverb.

Washington, D. C. H. M. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 23, 3, 11, 18, 28, 4, 22, is a county in Vermont.
My 12, 6, 20, 27, 25, 19, 30, is a county in Massachusetts.
My 14, 2, 23, 5, 18, 21, 8, 22, is a county in New York.
My 26, 4, 15, 25, 13, 23, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 28, 16, 12, 9, 3, 30, is a county in Florida.
My 23, 2, 16, 17, 26, 9, 8, is a county in North Carolina.
My 7, 3, 30, 24, 21, is a county in Michigan.
My 1, 6, 29, 23, 10, 24, 17, 18, 25, is a county in Connecticut.
My whole is a celebrated work of art.

Sheffield, Pa. CHASE OSGOOD.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 14, 25, is used as a beverage.
My 2, 6, 15, 7, 20, is an organ of the body.
My 4, 26, 11, 23, is a girl's name.
My 18, 12, 9, 12, 3, we all should learn to do.
My 8, 17, 14, is an organ.
My 22, 10, 5, 23, 19, 9, 15, is an island belonging to Spain.
My 16, 8, 26, is one of the metals.
My 21, 25, 11, 26, 15, 2, is a girl's name.
My 24, 19, 3, is an eatable.
My whole is one of the greatest achievements of modern times. JOSEPH POTTER.

Urbana, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 12, 5, 13, 9, is a virtue we should possess.
My 1, 10, 11, is to many a refreshing beverage.
My 4, 7, 12, 3, is an animal.
My 5, 13, 8, is an article of table furniture.
My 2, 11, 1, is a useful article.
My 13, 9, 3, 6, is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a mystery which few can solve.

C. E. P.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If my first is true to you,
You should to my first be true—
My second o'er the mighty deep,
In majesty doth often sweep.
Without my whole this world of ours,
Would seem all thorns instead of flowers.

Laporte, Ind. R. A. R.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

I am composed of 8 letters.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, 5, and I am an ornament much used.
Erase my 1, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am an adverb of position.
Erase my 1, 3, 4, 8, and transpose, and I am a numeral.
Erase my 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am an English title of nobility.
Erase my 3, 5, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am an epithet.
Erase my 2, 3, 5, 7, and transpose, and I am a female.
Erase my 3, 4, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a river of Africa.
Erase my 4, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am the name of a country avenue.
My whole we should all strive to obtain.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article,
I think you will find;
My second is a plant
Much used by mankind;
My third is a noun,
In every house seen;
My whole you can guess,
If your wits are but keen.

ISADORE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 2 will be 3, and 3 will be 5, and 6½ will be 11; say you what will be the one-half of 26, and the one-fourth of 27? REUBEN BROWN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are chicken's necks like door bells? Ans.—Because they are often wrung for company.

☞ How would you express in two letters that you were twice the bulk of another person? Ans.—I W.

☞ What letter is that which is invisible, yet is never out of sight? Ans.—The letter I.

☞ Why is a flea like a railway? Ans.—Because it travels over sleepers.

☞ Why is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—Because he presses his suit.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, Don Quixote. CHARADE—Buckwheat. CHARADE—Moonlight. CHARADE—E Y E, (Eye). MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—A 10.576+ B 19.423+.

☞ Life.—Every life, great or small, is the brink of a precipice, the depth of which nothing but Omniscience can fathom.—*Charles Reade.*